

ZION'S HERALD.

PUBLISHED BY
BOSTON WESLEYAN ASSOCIATION,
26 Bromfield Street, Boston,
A. S. WEED, AGENT.
B. K. PEIRCE, D. D., Editor.
C. H. St. JOHN, Assistant.

All stationed preachers in the Methodist
Episcopal Church are authorized agents for their
locality.

Price \$2.50. Ministers, \$2.00 a year.
Specimen Copies Free.

ZION'S HERALD

VOL. L.

BOSTON, THURSDAY, JANUARY 30, 1873.

No. 5.

ZION'S HERALD.**ADVERTISING RATES.**

First Insertion (Average matter), per line, 25 cents.
Each continued insertion, " " " 20 "
Three months, 15 insertions, " " " 16 "
Six months, 26 " " " 15 "
Twelve months, 52 " " " 14 "
Business Notices, " " " 35 "
Reading, " " " 50 "

IF NO ADVERTISEMENT published for less than one dollar.**IF NO ADVERTISEMENT** will be taken without a personal inspection by us of the copy.**IF CUTS** will only be taken by special arrangement.

ALONZO S. WEED,

Publishing Agent,

26 BROMFIELD ST., BOSTON.

A LOST BLESSING.
BY MRS. ANNIE E. THOMSON.
If I could think as I lay me down,
In my soft warm bed to night,
With the sound of the wailing storm without,
And the winds in their wrath and might,
That each poor little wail
Was sheltered safe,
In a snug, and pleasant nest,
I'm sure I could joyfully sink to sleep,
And sweetest would be my rest.

But I know, in the wild, wild storm to-night,
They are wandering to and fro;
Hungry and ragged, weary and cold,
Knowing not where to go;
And the chilling blast,
As it rushes past,
With a fierce and wrathful tone,
Bears up, with the gloom of its midnight wings,
Full many a dying moan,
Which none but the listening angels hear,
As they bend from their home above;
And the Father, who watches and pities all,
In his great and boundless love;
And with sound and sweet,
For its winding-sheets,
Full many a stiffer form,
The day will find when the sun shines out,
And drives away the storm.

O, Angel of Sleep, 'twere vain to woo
Thy charmed presence here,
For my heart is burdened with thoughts of woe,

And haunted by faces drear;
And amid the storm
A radiant form
Seems whispering mournfully,
"As ye have done to each sorrowful one,
Ye've done it unto me."

"As ye have done," O, Blessed One,
If I could only see,
Some good I might-to day have done,
How glad my heart would be;

But I quaffed the wine
Of each joy that was mine,
And scented the blood of its flowers;
Nor dropped one ray of comfort to those
Who mourn these wintery hours.

Had I kindled a fire on some cheerless
hearth,
Given or a loaf of bread,
Or a kindly word to some wandering lamb,
Or a shelter for his head;

Or, a garment warm
To some shivering form,
Or lightened grief's heavy rod,
I could fold my hands and sink to sleep,
Feeling the peace of God.

O, blessing lost! O thoughtless heart;
Begin with the morning's dawn,
To fill each precious moment up,
So soon, and forever gone,
With deeds of love,

And then ye shall prove,
The fullness of joys would;

Your nights shall be hallowed with visions
sweet,
And your mornings be tinged with gold.
DELAWARE, Ohio.

FROM ATLANTA TO THE SEA.

BY GILBERT HAVEN.

Not in the way the original march was made, nor in that direction. Imitators never quite copy their originals. They differ slightly, and then claim to be themselves original. So a fine car, called "coach" here, Pullman, most of the way, and a Southwestern route differ so materially from a foot tramp to the Southeast, that the journey may be said to be a new undertaking, and no copy of that old and ever-famous march from Atlanta to the sea.

A cold snap came on at New Orleans, this afternoon, the Saturday before Christmas, and my Southern blood could not stand it. Driven from Baltimore, Richmond, Atlanta, and now from New Orleans, even, by these icy Northwester, what refuge is left a Southern man? Only the Southern islands. Such an assault was hardly to be expected. The morning opened soft as September; just a touch of coolness, that made an open fire and an open window a happy marriage. The day was "perfect as a day in June, when it ever come perfect days" (a quotation you never saw before). But at three "a Jan'war blast blew house in" from the North, and at five I was on the steamer, pushing down to the gulf. I had hardly escaped it yet, for at this, midnight, writing, the stars look down keen and cold, as if they all lived in New England. Still, I trust by to-morrow to be out in the gulf, and away from these icy breezes that can even smite the sunny South at its southernmost point. How cold it must be to-night, in Boston, if it is overcast here!

But ere I reach Havana and everlasting summer, let us run over the trip from Atlanta hither. I broke off in the middle of my talk in Atlanta, being driven to my net protection by buzzing and biting mosquitoes.

ATLANTA.

Shall I begin where I left off? It is hardly necessary, especially as I saw it under a perpetual cloud. It first frowned, and then wept. All two days and a half with it, never once did it smile a smile. The streets were so muddy, that crossing was a cross indeed, and the red clay grew redder as the heavens mingled their tears with it, as the dirty face of a crying child grows dirtier under that lamentation. I saw enough to show enterprise and activity, the most Yankee town I have yet seen. It was a pleasant seat in pleasant days, rolling round on hill-tops, which are really mountain-tops, though the general high level prevents that fact being detected. It is one

thousand and fifty feet above the sea, higher than Mount Tom, or any Massachusetts hills. This height gives it coolness in summer, and coldness in winter. Though the coldness is only of the open fire and open window sort, not enough to freeze, nor hardly enough to chill a Northern blood. It has a superb depot, or car-shed, as they modestly call it, and a hotel big enough for a town tenfold its size. Each of these are the fruits of Northern enterprise, and tokens of the ultimate renewal in like bigness and betterness of the whole country. Its streets are busy with mules and men. Its capitol square is well-enclosed by churches and residences, and the faded Oglethorpe University. Our churches are two, our schools two, our work one, our people not yet quite one, but becoming so day by day. Our first church is a comely structure of brick, and its membership is active and united, and full of faith and love for the Church and the country. Dr. Fuller, its pastor, is doing a good work for us, in many directions. Rev. W. H. Thomas, the pastor of the Clark Church, is an educated and talented brother, who lost an arm in the war, but has yet heart and hand and head to work for his Master. He will be a valuable help to us in our growing work. Dr. Cobleigh, you all know, you of the HERALD; he keeps his pen, tongue, brain, and heart busy in this labor of regeneration. The gathering at the Lloyd Street Church was large for a very stormy night, the viands were abundant, and the speeches enjoyable. Congregational, Baptist, and Lutheran ministers united with the Methodist, and showed a Yankee South well planted and well grown in this Yankee city. How precious is such fellowship in Christ, in suffering, and in salvation. It was a type of the ultimate oneness of all lovers of the Living Saviour, in all this lovely region.

THE EX-KING, COTTON.

The ride to New Orleans was in a steady rain for two days, and a like stay there, almost as rainy. Cotton appears in the fields, that fruit that, like the apple of Eve, was the cause of all our woes. You see it growing, what is left by the gleaners, for the crop is gathered, a small white blossom near the ground. It is planted in some places among clearings, whose trees are not yet removed, as well as in open fields, that roll up and away from the track, white unto the rich harvest.

Every few miles a cotton gin grinds out its seed from the boll, and a press squeezes the loose dock into solid lump, well bound in chains of iron. The bag, half laced together, is placed between a platform, with grooves above and below, in which these iron hoops lie. These platforms press the bundle to its compactest possibility, and the iron bands are riveted together in a moment, and the bale rolled out for Lowell or Liverpool.

The crop sells here for a cent or two a pound less than at New York, and so accurately is its value known, that the boy with a single bale in the market-place, will name his price to the eighth of a cent. It is cash, too. You can carry back the money for your load, as soon as you bring it to the depot. This makes it more valuable than corn or wheat, as an article of produce, and will ensure the improvement of all this land. Thousands of acres are still untouched, from which millions of dollars will yet be made. Give this land rest. Let it welcome the emigrant from every shore, and these fields and woods will blossom abundantly with the white flower of peace and prosperity. These desolate stations, these drop-down huts, these horrid whiskey hells, that make a cross-roads into cross-bones, will all disappear, and New England towns of cleanliness, beauty, culture, Christianity, and comfort encircle every station.

ALABAMA.

The ride through Alabama was in night and storm and darkness, and therefore must await a better time. We beguiled the darkness by long and interesting talks with a gentleman of the section, who showed an anxiety to have this rich country developed by railroad and emigration, and who, though leaders once against the government, are now its best supporters. They are not all thus here yet, but they will be; for all else is folly and futility. Accept the situation, is the American motto, and this is America.

Before we reach Mobile the light reveals deep bayous or indentations, and wide rivers, which move slowly, as if burdened with the rich sediment they carry to the sea, or which partake, naturally, of the sluggishness of the climate. Mobile lies on the gulf flats, and has at least one handsome street called Government, a significant name, which may help make her intensely loyal to the powers that be. It is broad and handsome, and well lined with trees and residences. The loungers around the depot show too many idlers for a large town, and also that as far as laziness goes, there is no distinction on account of color. Perhaps, "no man hath hired us," would have been their

defense; yet with a summer sky and soil and sea, those men of all shades had no need of being under another's direction. They should have let themselves out to themselves.

A coffee-room on this street shows what can be done in a little business, industriously followed. An Italian has a score of round tables, with a bowl of sugar on each. He serves coffee, with biscuits and cake; no butter, eggs, salt, meats, or drinks. Yet I was told he was the richest man in Mobile, worth a little more than a million, or more. Many a little makes a mickle in his case, many a drop, a cup.

ALONG THE GULF SIDE.

The road to New Orleans is new, and admirably built. It runs through palm-like pines, straight, small, branchless, and tufted near the top with green, slim spines. These barrens, it is said, are well fitted for sugar culture, being better than Louisiana bottoms in all save richness, which the neighboring sea will easily afford. Branches of orange trees, laden with large, ripe fruit, begin to enter the cars, to the delight of our snow-blind eyes, and soft, green foliage, shows that "December is pleasant as May." New Orleans is reached, and under the green magnolia, and yellow orange, in the hospitable house of Gen. Buss, rest is found.

NEW ORLEANS

surprises you by its intense activity. Here is New York come again. No loungers around these quays; no idlers along these streets. The men drive as if they had no to-morrow. The streets are busy with teams, the sidewalks filled with people. The centres of business are choked, and no sign of discontent, or disorder appears. There may be trouble among the politicians, but it does not stop the steamer nor the drayman. The merchant fears for bonds and taxes, but he pushes ahead nevertheless.

It is a handsome city. The old French portion is pure French, narrow streets, paved and clean. The American part is broader in avenues, and handsomer in structures. Jackson park is French, to which Jackson's equestrian statue is not *comm'e il faut*. Its bushes trimmed into fantastic shapes, its flowers and foliage and white walks, and perfect summer, is a touch of Versailles in midsummer.

St. Charles Street winds with the river about the town, a broad avenue for the most part, outside the old city, with a tree-lined railroad running through its centre. Ames Church stands upon it, its central window having holes in its panes, made by the bullets of the Liberals, shot from the headquarters of a campaign club, on the opposite side, a sign of other bullet holes that would have been made in many men had that club been successful.

Further out from the centre, on Camp Street, a like handsome avenue, is a Southern building, with broad verandas, on both stories, occupied by the Thomson Biblical Institute and Union Normal School, by this time, I trust, converted into the New Orleans University. Here are schools theological and literary, in which a hundred pupils are taught by Prof. Leavitt and Miss Leighton (I believe that is her name), and several of our ministers. The pupils are apt and quite well advanced. Latin is introduced, and a year or two will witness a Freshman Class, that Middletown would not despise. Canal Street is the main business avenue, wide and attractive. Follow this avenue for five miles and you come to the cemeteries, which are graves above ground. Everything is above ground here. Sewers, wells, cellars, and graves. Along the centres of the streets flow the sewers, dragged by an unseen steam power, that, miles away, is sucking its waters along to the sea. Every house has great green-painted cisterns in its back or side yard, which take the water from the skies and give it back to the kitchen. Tombs are built on the ground, or coffins are thrust in receptacles in the walls, after the fashion of Italy. There is no depth to anything, but water, and that is everywhere girdling the city above its surface with its dangerous floods.

One might suppose the city to be sickly, but its inhabitants protest, of course, to the contrary. Fewer deaths by many per cent. occur here, they say, than in the cities of the North, the victims of yellow fever included, and nowhere do so many children attain maturity. Our work in this city is well advanced. We have over twelve churches and congregations, and will not fail to be a great power here, if we fully accept the current of events, which are the leadings of Providence and the Spirit of God. Its legislature is two thirds colored. Its superintendent of public works is alike distinguished, while French blood has been long mingled with African, and so socially respectable, that for a colored man to speak French before the war, was to make him pass the police without suspicion as a free man; and only this very week, the will of a rich gentleman and a judge, acknowledged as his beloved

wife, a lady of African descent. How foolish, how impossible in such a city to set up a contrary notion, itself a false and wicked prejudice. I rejoice to see in many forms in our Church the disappearance of every vestige of this sin, and feel assured that New Orleans Christianity will gain pre-eminence in Boston in its impartial and effectual treatment of all its brethren.

Havana is reached with its hot sun, Panama hats, linen suits, dirty streets, and epizootic. Its decaying slavery lingers yet on its ships in these sweltering laborers, naked to the waist, and glittering in sweat, as if anointed with fresh oil; — their own oil it is, too. The high walls and thick and almost windless, that make and keep the rooms cool, the open courts and doorways which let as much air go through as possible, and as little light; the covered wharves, where donkeys and darkies work without danger of the sunstroke; the round harbor with its sugar wharves, deeply shaded, its steeples, towers, and walls of dirty white, its castle, frowning like a Spaniard, fierce but weak, on the feet below. This is all the Havana I had time to see. Arriving at ten, and leaving at five, and with the nonsensical vigilance of its functionaries, who make you get your passports doubly signed, even to go from steamer to steamer, was it possible to see the town. This letter, begun on the Mississippi, just below New Orleans, is finished on the Saturday before Christmas, is finished at Vera Cruz, the day before New Year. The doors are wide open, and summer clothes, and summer airs abound. Of this, hereafter. Adios, as they all say. here. To God, all of you.

EXPLORATION OF JERUSALEM.

BY REV. J. J. LATIMER, D. D.

Ever since Robinson sent forth his Biblical Researches, in 1841, making an epoch in the study of the topography of Palestine, and gaining an enviable position among the geographers of the world, ever since that date when it seemed that nothing more could be done, until by excavations and shafts sunk in the earth, the disputed questions could be settled, the scholars of the world have been waiting for the time to come when the sacred soil of Jerusalem might be upturned, and competent authorities might interrogate the subterranean depths. At last the opportunity arrived, and the world has been listening to the report that came across the Mediterranean.

The Palestine Exploring Fund was projected for this purpose; its Prospectus issued in 1865, and in 1867 Capt. Warren landed at Jaffa, with authority from the Sultan to excavate anywhere "except in the Haram area, and sacred to Christians and Moslems." With great enthusiasm he entered upon his work in Jerusalem, which was continued for three years, and then abandoned for want of means, and because of the restrictions as yet placed upon the excavations. Two years ago he issued the record of this work, in the "Recovery of Jerusalem," which has been abridged, and its results given in a little book just published, called, "Our Work in Palestine."

The difficulties which beset the path of the explorer in Jerusalem can hardly be exaggerated. Only by diplomatic negotiation with the Sublime Porte, was permission obtained to dig up the sacred soil of Jerusalem. A large amount of money was paid for the privilege, for "backshish" is the open sesame along the whole scale, from the Arab on the Syrian plains to the highest official of the Turkish Empire. Besides, extreme jealousy has been manifested, lest the sacred places should be desecrated by the pickaxe of a Frank. Every excavation was subject to the inspection of a Turkish engineer whose helpless ignorance made it possible for Warren to confuse him, and turn his head, while in his pits, so that the official lost the points of compass, and did not perceive that the horizontal shafts ran to the Haram wall.

As the excavations were made through layers of earth and debris of stone chippings, broken stone, and mould containing potsherds and ancient lamps, they often struck upon beds of "shingle," or sand and pebbles intermingled, which were as unstable as water.

When tapped, they often would run for days, and rendered dangerous even the shafts when cased in wood. These shafts are perpendicular excavations, four feet square, boxed with wood as the work went on; wood brought by ship to Jaffa, and then transported on the backs of mules to Jerusalem, 36 miles away. The descent within these shafts, sometimes a continuous one of 50 feet, is effected by rope ladders, dangling loose from the top, where a crowbar stuck in the earth, and held by a native workman, sustains the weight. Sometimes great blocks of stone being frightfully over one's head, the gases which have been forming below for years, and mayhap for centuries, are a constant peril, the awkward and ignorant workmen are liable

to drop the tools down upon those below, and a thousand unforeseen casualties may happen at any moment. Warren and Birtles came near losing their lives by the unexpected rise of water in the conduit which leads from the Fountain of the Virgin, through Ophel, to the Pool of Solomon, the water rising to such an extent, that another inch would have strangled them in this subterranean ditch, along which Robinson once crawled on hands and knees. Finally, the mystery attaching itself to these unexplored depths, in addition to the anxious fear which accompanies all original discovery, makes it necessary that a man be brave of heart and earnest of purpose, who burrows beneath the Holy City.

All these dangers and difficulties Capt. Warren met and triumphed over, and has done so much to the store of our knowledge, that it is only sober truth to say, "So long as interest in the modern history of Jerusalem remains, so long as people are concerned to know how sacred sites have been found out, so long will the name of Capt. Warren survive."

There is no opportunity in a brief article like this, to enter into the details of his work, but only to give in the briefest manner his results.

What is evident to the most careless observer, is that the present level of the city is many feet higher than it was in the time of Christ. The city has passed through convulsions and destructions which would have blotted out any other. The work referred to above counts up twenty-seven different sieges it has passed through, running over about 3,000 years, the last in the 13th century. Thus ruins have filled the streets, debris have accumulated, the new streets probably taking the direction of the old, only at a higher level, till it is quite certain that the modern city stands from 50 to 70 feet higher than the ancient.

Again, the deep valley east of the city is much changed. Once there was water there, now there is none. Once it was deeper than at present, and it is evident the bed of the valley of Jehovah is changed. Warren found by shafts sunk down to the rock beneath, that the rubbish thrown over from the wall, and heaped up there, had displaced the old bed of Wady Kedron, shifting it 90 feet to the east, and raising it 40 feet higher than its former level.

Of course, the principal interest regarding Jerusalem, centres in the Haram area, for somewhere on that elevation stood the temple of Solomon. The result of Warren's researches, based upon actual excavation to the rock basis, by shafts sunk on the west, south, and east of the wall, which encloses the Mosque of Omar, is to the effect that we have virtually the line of the ancient wall of the temple, in some places, even the ancient stones *in situ*, while the foundation on the rock basis varies from a depth of 20, to more than 100 feet.

Three of the four gates in the western wall have been identified at Wilson's Arch,

CORRESPONDENCE.

WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENCE.

BY REV. C. ADAMS, D. D.

I think it must be that I am mistaken in my views of what should have been the arrangement of the Government buildings which form so marked a feature of this Washington city. For how could so many great and wise men, in ordering the existing arrangement, have erred instead of myself? This "existing arrangement" is something like what follows:—

Toward one end of the town, on the border of an extended plain considerably elevated above the rest of the city, stands the Capitol of the nation—one of the few most imposing and elegant erections on the globe. Down and away from this, through the great avenue of the city, and at a distance of a mile and a quarter, is the presidential mansion. Near this latter, and toward the Capitol, is the great Treasury building, while on the other side of the White House are, first, the War Department, and then beyond this the State Department edifice, now in the process of erection. Returning toward the Capitol, and passing the Treasury building, you come by a street parallel to the great avenue, to the Patent Office on one side, and, opposite to this, the General Post-Office—these structures being about a half mile back from the Treasury toward the Capitol.

Now these—the Capitol, Treasury, War and State buildings, the Patent Office and General Post-Office, are the main erections appertaining to the Government, and in which the principal amount of Government service is performed. Massive edifices are they, of granite and marble for the most part, of a style severely chaste, of comely aspect, and looking as if they might stand to the day of doom.

Let the reader picture now these buildings with their relative positions, and who shall explain to us the propriety of such an arrangement, or, rather, of such a want of arrangement? From the Capitol to the State Department, a full mile and a half; from the latter to the Patent and Post-Offices, a mile; and from these to the Capitol again, nearly another mile. And what else occupies this great area, and spreading at right and left? The main city of Washington, we reply,—the dense, compact, and busy city. And so it transpires that the great Government structures are scattered hither and thither wide over the town; scattered so that these goodly edifices must be contemplated piecemeal—so that the visitor must travel long distances to view them all. And he who would see and study them, must do so much as he would survey a city warehouse. He would have to contemplate them as a sort of integral part of the city, bounding one and another of its streets, having shops, dwellings, or other city buildings adjacent or opposite. In other words, the United States Government edifices are, to a considerable extent, hedged around and mixed up with the common erections of the city, thus preventing their being seen advantageously, and without possibility of their presenting that imposing appearance which they would be so richly capable under a proper arrangement.

The Capitol, it is true, is a partial exception to this great defect, and, yet, only a partial one. From its western front descends a fine campus, and, so far as it extends, worthy of the grand edifice. Also, on the Eastern front is another park of dimensions about equal to the former, but separated from the Capitol by one of the wide streets of the city—this same street edging up to the very steps of the building, and traversed, on the opposite side by horse cars, and, within, one of the dustiest thoroughfares of this very dusty city.

These are the grounds appertaining to the most princely edifice of these United States, if not of the whole world; a park of a few acres each reaching from the eastern and western fronts, the latter descending by a heavy terrace, to the lower plain, adorned with lofty trees, spacious walks of stone, and tolerably well kept. The eastern park, as already observed, is separated from the Capitol by one of the wide streets of the city—this same street edging up to the very steps of the building, and traversed, on the opposite side by horse cars, and, within, one of the dustiest thoroughfares of this very dusty city.

These are the grounds appertaining to the most princely edifice of these United States, if not of the whole world; a park of a few acres each reaching from the eastern and western fronts, the latter descending by a heavy terrace, to the lower plain, adorned with lofty trees, spacious walks of stone, and tolerably well kept. The eastern park, as already observed, is separated from the Capitol by one of the wide streets of the city—this same street edging up to the very steps of the building, and traversed, on the opposite side by horse cars, and, within, one of the dustiest thoroughfares of this very dusty city.

These are the grounds appertaining to the most princely edifice of these United States, if not of the whole world; a park of a few acres each reaching from the eastern and western fronts, the latter descending by a heavy terrace, to the lower plain, adorned with lofty trees, spacious walks of stone, and tolerably well kept. The eastern park, as already observed, is separated from the Capitol by one of the wide streets of the city—this same street edging up to the very steps of the building, and traversed, on the opposite side by horse cars, and, within, one of the dustiest thoroughfares of this very dusty city.

These are the grounds appertaining to the most princely edifice of these United States, if not of the whole world; a park of a few acres each reaching from the eastern and western fronts, the latter descending by a heavy terrace, to the lower plain, adorned with lofty trees, spacious walks of stone, and tolerably well kept. The eastern park, as already observed, is separated from the Capitol by one of the wide streets of the city—this same street edging up to the very steps of the building, and traversed, on the opposite side by horse cars, and, within, one of the dustiest thoroughfares of this very dusty city.

These are the grounds appertaining to the most princely edifice of these United States, if not of the whole world; a park of a few acres each reaching from the eastern and western fronts, the latter descending by a heavy terrace, to the lower plain, adorned with lofty trees, spacious walks of stone, and tolerably well kept. The eastern park, as already observed, is separated from the Capitol by one of the wide streets of the city—this same street edging up to the very steps of the building, and traversed, on the opposite side by horse cars, and, within, one of the dustiest thoroughfares of this very dusty city.

These are the grounds appertaining to the most princely edifice of these United States, if not of the whole world; a park of a few acres each reaching from the eastern and western fronts, the latter descending by a heavy terrace, to the lower plain, adorned with lofty trees, spacious walks of stone, and tolerably well kept. The eastern park, as already observed, is separated from the Capitol by one of the wide streets of the city—this same street edging up to the very steps of the building, and traversed, on the opposite side by horse cars, and, within, one of the dustiest thoroughfares of this very dusty city.

These are the grounds appertaining to the most princely edifice of these United States, if not of the whole world; a park of a few acres each reaching from the eastern and western fronts, the latter descending by a heavy terrace, to the lower plain, adorned with lofty trees, spacious walks of stone, and tolerably well kept. The eastern park, as already observed, is separated from the Capitol by one of the wide streets of the city—this same street edging up to the very steps of the building, and traversed, on the opposite side by horse cars, and, within, one of the dustiest thoroughfares of this very dusty city.

These are the grounds appertaining to the most princely edifice of these United States, if not of the whole world; a park of a few acres each reaching from the eastern and western fronts, the latter descending by a heavy terrace, to the lower plain, adorned with lofty trees, spacious walks of stone, and tolerably well kept. The eastern park, as already observed, is separated from the Capitol by one of the wide streets of the city—this same street edging up to the very steps of the building, and traversed, on the opposite side by horse cars, and, within, one of the dustiest thoroughfares of this very dusty city.

These are the grounds appertaining to the most princely edifice of these United States, if not of the whole world; a park of a few acres each reaching from the eastern and western fronts, the latter descending by a heavy terrace, to the lower plain, adorned with lofty trees, spacious walks of stone, and tolerably well kept. The eastern park, as already observed, is separated from the Capitol by one of the wide streets of the city—this same street edging up to the very steps of the building, and traversed, on the opposite side by horse cars, and, within, one of the dustiest thoroughfares of this very dusty city.

These are the grounds appertaining to the most princely edifice of these United States, if not of the whole world; a park of a few acres each reaching from the eastern and western fronts, the latter descending by a heavy terrace, to the lower plain, adorned with lofty trees, spacious walks of stone, and tolerably well kept. The eastern park, as already observed, is separated from the Capitol by one of the wide streets of the city—this same street edging up to the very steps of the building, and traversed, on the opposite side by horse cars, and, within, one of the dustiest thoroughfares of this very dusty city.

WORKS MEET FOR REPENTANCE.

A WARNING.

Some years ago, Troy Conference yielded to a feeling of discouragement in the work of education, and sold to private parties the Conference Academy, at Poultney, Vt. Since that time the Conference has had no school under its control, but has depended on private enterprise, or the schools of other churches to supply its lack of service. The result has not been satisfactory. At the last session of the Conference, a committee was appointed, and effort is now being made to restore the Academy to its old relation to the Church. The committee have published an appeal for aid in re-purchasing the property. They say, "The Church has suffered loss ever since the Troy Conference Academy was alienated from its control, and we are more and more sensible of this loss every year." They specify the evils which have resulted from want of a Conference school, in the neglect of higher education by many of the young, in the non-religious education of others, and in the alienation of many from the Church through school influences.

We are glad that Troy Conference is seeing the error of its ways, and proposes to do works meet for repentance. With the multitudes of young people in our congregations we cannot, as a Church, afford to be indifferent to the matter of education, and especially of the education between that afforded by our common schools and the colleges. With the rapidly increasing wealth among us, we should be doubly guilty if we were to take no part in this work. Our fathers saw and felt the importance of this education by the Church, and with an instinct which was almost an inspiration, began the preparation for schools and colleges. The Methodist Church has not yet reached the limit of its growth, much less is it ready to die. And until that period of its history is reached, it is not prepared to stop in the work of educating the children born in its households, or born of God in its altars. While our colleges are increasing in numbers and efficiency, it is specially important that our preparatory schools should also be fully sustained as feeders for college classes.

We commend the experience of Troy Conference to the attention of those Conferences who are suffering their schools to languish for want of proper financial aid, and to those men in the Church who are saying that Conference seminaries are no longer needed. Troy is not the only Conference which has sought the cost of education too great for its means. We would fain hope it might be the last to sell its school because of any temporary embarrassment.

THE REAL BASIS OF UNIVERSALISM CONFESSED AT LAST.

BY REV. D. DORCHESTER.

In *The Universalist* of November 16, the editor says that, in my recent article in the *HERALD*, I "made it clear that John Wesley was not a Universalist in belief, and that he never intended to teach such a belief. But he thus makes clear what we—speaking simply for ourselves—never meant to dispute. It is true, however, that Mr. Wesley did teach Universalism, and in this gave conclusive proof, that a man may be wiser than himself knows."

Our point was that Wesley's soul got above his creed; and that he gave utterance to words which his mere intellect did not fully measure. And this is by no means a rare phenomenon. We once heard a slaveholder, while arguing for progressive emancipation, really utter doctrines as radical as ever came from the lips of Garrison. But his heart got the better of his head.

No man of ordinary intelligence can read the foregoing extract without being impressed with the weakness of the defense. And I should not notice it, but for one point, which is incidentally brought out, and which is of some importance as a confession.

It has often been a matter of wonder among evangelical divines what can be the real foundation of Universalism. Their bulwarks have been again and again logically and scripturally demolished, but many of them still stand and advocate their peculiar views as persistently as ever. Some among us have wondered at this; but their wonder will now be at an end. The mystery is at last solved. It appears that Universalism is founded in the wishes and longings of the individual heart.

As an example, their favorite argument has ever been something like this: "Would you punish your little child eternally, for any offense which it might commit?" For the purpose of showing how superficial is such reasoning, we ask our Universalist friends in return, "Would you inflict on your child, or any human being, such evils as neuralgia, rheumatism, gout, epilepsy, insanity, idiocy, or any other physical or mental evil? They are at once answered.

It is our firm conviction that the final restoration of all is not revealed in the Scriptures, but that the ultimate fate of the impenitent wicked is left enshrouded in impenetrable obscurity, so far as the total declarations of the sacred writings are concerned;" and yet they go on to say, that they nevertheless "hold to the doctrine of the final universality of salvation, as a consistent speculation of the reason, and a strong belief of the heart." Those of us who believe (as a large majority of us do) in the final recovery of all souls, therefore, cannot emphasize it in the

foreground of their preaching, as a sure part of Christianity, but only elevate it in the background of their system, as a glorious hope," etc.

In February, 1870, we find Rev. Mr. Sears, in the *Monthly Religious Magazine*, saying about the same thing. "It is the average opinion of Unitarians, that Restorationism is not a doctrine of Revelation, fairly yielded by the interpretation of Scripture," but it is held, nevertheless, "as a deduction of the private reason," "a belief wrought from the prayers and reasonings of the individual soul, one of the glorious hopes of humanity."

Rev. T. Starr King, in a discourse delivered in the Hollis Street Church, in 1858, made the following frank confession:—

"I freely say that I do not find the doctrine of the ultimate salvation of all souls clearly stated in any text or in any discourse that has been reported from the lips of Christ. I do not think we can fairly maintain that the final restoration of all men is a prominent and explicit doctrine of the four Gospels. We needlessly narrow the grounds of opposition to Sacrifical Orthodoxy, by attacking it from such a position."

But he says that he thinks that the doctrine of eternal punishment is opposed to the principles of Jesus, as he construes them, and he also says that "this doctrine, is, to my mind, dreadful and monstrous—at war with our constitutional instincts of justice and charity." The ground of his opposition to it is his own heart.

Mr. Theodore Parker, in a response to an inquiry of Rev. Nehemiah Adams, D. D., in 1858, made the following acknowledgment:—

"To me it is quite clear that Jesus Christ taught the doctrine of eternal damnation, if the evangelists—the first three I mean—are to be treated as inspired. I can understand his language in no other way." But he then adds, that he rejects the doctrine, nevertheless, "because it is so revolting to the humane and moral feelings of our nature."

These confessions are important as indicating the present tendency of the question of Restorationism, and suggest the following points:—

1. The admissions of these men are of great significance. It is a great concession to evangelical theology. They have all been distinguished for their mental acumen, literary ability, and Biblical research. In scholarship and ability no Universalist writers compare with them. And yet they admit that the Bible teaching is against them; that it plainly inculcates the doctrine of endless punishment. These acknowledgments are full, clear, open, and manly. But Mr. King and the Unitarians think that there are some general principles which Christ taught, which, if freely interpreted by our natural sentiments, might lead to a different conclusion; although the plain teaching of the Scriptures is against the final salvation of all souls, or, in the language of Mr. Sears, "Restorationism is not a doctrine of Revelation, fairly yielded by the interpretation of scripture."

The Scriptures, then, being conceded, by the most learned and able advocates of Restorationism, to be against them, there remain nothing but the natural sentiments to appeal to. Hence it has been a very noticeable characteristic of all writers in favor of Restorationism, that they have interpreted the Scriptures in the light of the natural feelings, rather than in the light of the Scriptures themselves.

2. The question, then, now arises, which is the more worthy of our attention and respect,—the teachings of Revelation or the natural sentiments,—"the prayers and reasonings of the individual soul." When we look at men's lives, their manifest and deep-seated alienation from God, their want of sympathy with His righteousness and holiness, the fearful forms of error and of evil which are everywhere positively arrayed against God and his kingdom, we cannot long hesitate in our conclusion; although the plain teaching of the Scriptures is against the final salvation of all souls, or, in the language of Mr. Sears, "Restorationism is not a doctrine of Revelation, fairly yielded by the interpretation of scripture."

3. We have always noticed that the strength of Universalism has never been in its arguments deduced from the Bible. Its sentimental appeals have always been far more effective; and yet these have generally been of a superficial character, ignoring just and elevated conceptions of God, degrading them to a level with human sympathies, and making them a standard by which we are to judge of the divine.

As an example, their favorite argument has ever been something like this: "Would you punish your little child eternally, for any offense which it might commit?" For the purpose of showing how superficial is such reasoning, we ask our Universalist friends in return, "Would you inflict on your child, or any human being, such evils as neuralgia, rheumatism, gout, epilepsy, insanity, idiocy, or any other physical or mental evil? They are at once answered.

It is our firm conviction that the final restoration of all is not revealed in the Scriptures, but that the ultimate fate of the impenitent wicked is left enshrouded in impenetrable obscurity, so far as the total declarations of the sacred writings are concerned;" and yet they go on to say, that they nevertheless "hold to the doctrine of the final universality of salvation, as a consistent speculation of the reason, and a strong belief of the heart." Those of us who believe (as a large majority of us do) in the final recovery of all souls, therefore, cannot emphasize it in the

foreground of their preaching, as a sure part of Christianity, but only elevate it in the background of their system, as a glorious hope," etc.

In February, 1870, we find Rev. Mr. Sears, in the *Monthly Religious Magazine*, saying about the same thing. "It is the average opinion of Unitarians, that Restorationism is not a doctrine of Revelation, fairly yielded by the interpretation of Scripture," but it is held, nevertheless, "as a deduction of the private reason," "a belief wrought from the prayers and reasonings of the individual soul, one of the glorious hopes of humanity."

One step further: In this life, in this system of things under which we live, divinely constituted by infinite love itself, we notice, as the natural and direct effects of violated law, that men suffer certain irreconcilable losses, from which there can be no restoration, such as disgrace, poverty, palsy, insanity, dementia, etc.

For these afflictions, in certain forms, there is no possible remedy. The loss is a final one. Following the analogy, who shall say, that, in the spiritual realm, constituted by the same Infinite Love, there may not be corresponding losses, irrecoverable, from which there can be no restoration—a state of eternal privation—consequent upon the violation of spiritual laws? And who shall say that this may not be necessary, in order to the welfare of the spiritual universe?

In this life, who can fail to see the folly of reasoning from the surface sympathies and sentiments of the natural heart.

In conclusion, we commend to all such sentimentalists the following passage of scripture: "Thou thoughtest that I was altogether such an one as thyself; but I will reprove thee, and set them in order before thine eyes. Now consider this, ye that forget God, lest I tear you in pieces, and there be none to deliver." Psalm 1. 21, 22.

WHY ARE MISSIONARY CONCERTS DULL?

BY MISS SARAH M. KNEEL.

I wonder why people, the mass of people, are really so little interested in the missionary cause? Why the Missionary Society is so small a part of the Church membership, and why a missionary meeting fails to attract an enthusiastic multitude? why so many *Missionary Advocates* rest safely under the pew-cushions, and why a missionary sermon encourages Sabbath-breaking? why missionary statistics—no, I don't wonder at them! I don't enjoy, myself, bearing how many missionaries might be supported with the money spent annually for alcoholic drinks, and ability no Universalist writers compare with them. And yet they admit that the Bible teaching is against them; that it plainly inculcates the doctrine of endless punishment. These acknowledgments are full, clear, open, and manly. But Mr. King and the Unitarians think that there are some general principles which Christ taught, which, if freely interpreted by our natural sentiments, might lead to a different conclusion; although the plain teaching of the Scriptures is against the final salvation of all souls, or, in the language of Mr. Sears, "Restorationism is not a doctrine of Revelation, fairly yielded by the interpretation of scripture."

These confessions are important as indicating the present tendency of the question of Restorationism, and suggest the following points:—

1. The admissions of these men are of great significance. It is a great concession to evangelical theology. They have all been distinguished for their mental acumen, literary ability, and Biblical research. In scholarship and ability no Universalist writers compare with them. And yet they admit that the Bible teaching is against them; that it plainly inculcates the doctrine of endless punishment. These acknowledgments are full, clear, open, and manly. But Mr. King and the Unitarians think that there are some general principles which Christ taught, which, if freely interpreted by our natural sentiments, might lead to a different conclusion; although the plain teaching of the Scriptures is against the final salvation of all souls, or, in the language of Mr. Sears, "Restorationism is not a doctrine of Revelation, fairly yielded by the interpretation of scripture."

These confessions are important as indicating the present tendency of the question of Restorationism, and suggest the following points:—

1. The admissions of these men are of great significance. It is a great concession to evangelical theology. They have all been distinguished for their mental acumen, literary ability, and Biblical research. In scholarship and ability no Universalist writers compare with them. And yet they admit that the Bible teaching is against them; that it plainly inculcates the doctrine of endless punishment. These acknowledgments are full, clear, open, and manly. But Mr. King and the Unitarians think that there are some general principles which Christ taught, which, if freely interpreted by our natural sentiments, might lead to a different conclusion; although the plain teaching of the Scriptures is against the final salvation of all souls, or, in the language of Mr. Sears, "Restorationism is not a doctrine of Revelation, fairly yielded by the interpretation of scripture."

These confessions are important as indicating the present tendency of the question of Restorationism, and suggest the following points:—

1. The admissions of these men are of great significance. It is a great concession to evangelical theology. They have all been distinguished for their mental acumen, literary ability, and Biblical research. In scholarship and ability no Universalist writers compare with them. And yet they admit that the Bible teaching is against them; that it plainly inculcates the doctrine of endless punishment. These acknowledgments are full, clear, open, and manly. But Mr. King and the Unitarians think that there are some general principles which Christ taught, which, if freely interpreted by our natural sentiments, might lead to a different conclusion; although the plain teaching of the Scriptures is against the final salvation of all souls, or, in the language of Mr. Sears, "Restorationism is not a doctrine of Revelation, fairly yielded by the interpretation of scripture."

These confessions are important as indicating the present tendency of the question of Restorationism, and suggest the following points:—

1. The admissions of these men are of great significance. It is a great concession to evangelical theology. They have all been distinguished for their mental acumen, literary ability, and Biblical research. In scholarship and ability no Universalist writers compare with them. And yet they admit that the Bible teaching

The Christian World.

MISSIONARY DEPARTMENT.

REV. R. W. ALLEN, EDITOR.

"All the earth shall be filled with the glory of the Lord." — NUM. xiv. 21.

JAPAN.—Most important and interesting intelligence reaches us from Japan. Christianity is rapidly advancing, and the prospect is that at no distant day the nation will become Christian. The Bible is being translated into Japanese. The Gospel by Mark is completed and published, a copy of which has been received by the American Bible Society at New York. The other three Gospels will soon be published. This is the first attempt to print any part of the Bible in that language. Rev. S. R. Brown, who with Dr. Hepburn, is engaged in this noble work, writes to the "Bible Society Record," that he had had opportunities for thirty years, to observe the progress of events in Eastern Asia, "and I am persuaded that no heathen nation at the present day offers more encouragement to the friends of Christ as a sphere for evangelistic operations. It looks as if the set time had come, God's set time, for the nation to be brought to Christ." In speaking of the law of the government against Christianity, he says:—"Although the government has not revoked its old law against Christians, nor granted religious liberty to the people of Japan, yet there does appear to be a hesitation to proceed further in the policy of persecution. Doubtless, the officers of government near the throne feel that it would be impolitic to persecute men for their religious opinions. To persecute Christians now might be detrimental to the hopes of the government."

COLPORTAGE IN CHINA.—Rev. P. Rohde, in traveling as a colporteur in China, met with some most interesting incidents, showing the character of the people, the customs of the country, and the success of his colportage. He reached the large, populous city of Chang-Chow-Foo, on the Grand Canal. He says:—

INDIA CORRESPONDENCE.

LUCKNOW, OUDH, INDIA.

The importance of such a work as the recent camp-meeting in Lucknow, among nominal Christians in India, cannot be overestimated. Many of the English-speaking residents of the large cities are sunk in the very depths of drunkenness, polygamy, and all uncleanness. How great a reproach such things are to Christianity, can be best felt by the missionary who has it flung in his teeth by the keen-eyed Hindoo and the bigoted Mohammedan. Within the past two years many in Lucknow have been saved from awful depths of sin, and are now honoring Christ by various means, to promote the work of God.

KODAMA, the Japanese, who was baptized by Dr. Newman, at Washington City, several months ago, has abandoned his intention of making law his profession, and proposes to study for the ministry, and return to Japan and establish a Methodist Episcopal Church.

The Rev. Luther Lee, D. D., a superannuated member of the Detroit Conference, is sick, at Milford, Mich. He preached twice December 8, and has since been confined to his room. His friends have thought that he would not get up again. His active work is doubtless finished, and he is waiting till his change shall come.

The suppression by the manager of the Stadt Theatre, at New York, recently, of the drama "Jesus in America," at the instigation of Catholic priests, has caused a good deal of comment; and the manager has announced that he will produce the play on his stage next week, as a test of the question of how far the Redemptorist Fathers shall dictate in these matters.

Dr. Pusey has sent a letter from Geneva, assigning his reasons for not voting against Dean Stanley's appointment as Select Preacher at Oxford. He says he cannot doubt that the Dean's appointment will be at the cost of faith and of souls, but he feared that the opposition would only aggravate the evil by enlisting the enthusiasm of the young.

Baptist Wriothesley Noel, whose death is announced, was born in 1799, and was a younger son of Sir Gerard Noel, and a brother of the Earl of Gainsborough. After receiving a thorough preparation at Cambridge, he took holy orders, and was appointed rector of St. John's Chapel, London. In 1848 he succeeded from the Church of England, and became a Baptist. He was noted for his zeal as a clergyman, and his activity in the cause of charity and reform.

The Catholics are quietly, but with the usual presumption upon papal credulity, canonizing a poor girl named Louise Latean, residing at a Belgian town by the name of Bois d'Hain. It is asserted that every Friday she goes into an ecstasy, first having patches, or "stigmata" of blood, as they are called, appear on her left side, the back and palm of each hand, the upper and under surface of each foot—those on the hands being oval in shape, and those on the feet oblong parallelograms with rounded angles. At the same time a comet of bloody globules encircles her brow; and from all these points in the girl's body, there exudes on some Fridays a quart of blood, and on others a half-pint.

MISSIONARIES ARE LOOKING TO A MISSIONARY CONFERENCE AT ALLAHABAD, IN DECEMBER, WITH GREAT ANTIQUATIONS. IT WILL REPRESENT MOST OF THE MISSIONS IN INDIA. IT IS HOPED THAT MUCH GOOD MAY FLOW FROM IT.

A very interesting union meeting was recently held in Almora; our own, and the missions of the London Missionary Society in Kumaon were represented.

The work of our mission is quite prosperous. Barely has recently completed and dedicated a new church. Cawnpore has enlarged its church, increased its congregations and Sunday-schools, and now supports the missionary sent there. Lucknow will soon support its missionary. The work in Bombay and Poonah is flourishing under the indefatigable labors of Rev. W. Taylor. We are glad to learn that he will soon be assisted by two brethren from America. It is exceedingly gratifying to know that our own force in

Northern India will be strengthened by Revs. Dr. Waugh and J. D. Brown, with two new missionaries.

X. Y. Z.

RELIGIOUS ITEMS.

The Superintendent of the Chicago and Alton Railroad has prohibited the sale or giving of liquor on dining cars on that road.

The daughter of the ecclesiastical pianist, the Abbé Liszt, has succeeded from Rome, turned Protestant, and married a German composer.

From the Congregational Clerical Record, we gather, that sixty-two ministers of that body have deceased the last year; the average age exceeds sixty-two.

Rev. James Powell, pastor of the North Congregational Church, of Newburyport, has resigned his pastorate, on the ground of ill health, which will compel him to take some months' relaxation from his arduous duties established.

We learn from the *Peninsular (Ann Arbor) Courier*, that Prof. Winchell gave a farewell address to the students of the Michigan University on the 13th.

He had been connected with the institution nineteen years, and was much affected at parting with his friends, closing his well received address by saying, "seek truth, pursue it, cleave to it, whether revealed on the sacred page, in your hearts, or in nature. Look up to the great Author of truth. Farewell."

A Chinese class has been for five years in existence in the Taylor Street Methodist Episcopal Sunday-school in Portland, Oregon, and five of its members have been converted, and will doubtless do more good in reading the Bible to the multitudes who are willing to hear, than they could have done in teaching the children. The wrath of man is often made to praise God.

INDIA CORRESPONDENCE.

LUCKNOW, OUDH, INDIA.

The importance of such a work as the recent camp-meeting in Lucknow, among nominal Christians in India, cannot be overestimated. Many of the English-speaking residents of the large cities are sunk in the very depths of drunkenness, polygamy, and all uncleanness. How great a reproach such things are to Christianity, can be best felt by the missionary who has it flung in his teeth by the keen-eyed Hindoo and the bigoted Mohammedan. Within the past two years many in Lucknow have been saved from awful depths of sin, and are now honoring Christ by various means, to promote the work of God.

The necessity of a revival of religion is being discussed among Methodists throughout England. In some places religious awakenings have already taken place, and several eminent laymen and ministers are endeavoring, by various means, to promote the work of God.

Kodama, the Japanese, who was baptized by Dr. Newman, at Washington City, several months ago, has abandoned his intention of making law his profession, and proposes to study for the ministry, and return to Japan and establish a Methodist Episcopal Church.

The Rev. Luther Lee, D. D., a superannuated member of the Detroit Conference, is sick, at Milford, Mich. He preached twice December 8, and has since been confined to his room. His friends have thought that he would not get up again. His active work is doubtless finished, and he is waiting till his change shall come.

The suppression by the manager of the Stadt Theatre, at New York, recently, of the drama "Jesus in America," at the instigation of Catholic priests, has caused a good deal of comment; and the manager has announced that he will produce the play on his stage next week, as a test of the question of how far the Redemptorist Fathers shall dictate in these matters.

Dr. Pusey has sent a letter from Geneva, assigning his reasons for not voting against Dean Stanley's appointment as Select Preacher at Oxford. He says he cannot doubt that the Dean's appointment will be at the cost of faith and of souls, but he feared that the opposition would only aggravate the evil by enlisting the enthusiasm of the young.

Baptist Wriothesley Noel, whose death is announced, was born in 1799, and was a younger son of Sir Gerard Noel, and a brother of the Earl of Gainsborough. After receiving a thorough preparation at Cambridge, he took holy orders, and was appointed rector of St. John's Chapel, London. In 1848 he succeeded from the Church of England, and became a Baptist. He was noted for his zeal as a clergyman, and his activity in the cause of charity and reform.

The Catholics are quietly, but with the usual presumption upon papal credulity, canonizing a poor girl named Louise Latean, residing at a Belgian town by the name of Bois d'Hain. It is asserted that every Friday she goes into an ecstasy, first having patches, or "stigmata" of blood, as they are called, appear on her left side, the back and palm of each hand, the upper and under surface of each foot—those on the hands being oval in shape, and those on the feet oblong parallelograms with rounded angles. At the same time a comet of bloody globules encircles her brow; and from all these points in the girl's body, there exudes on some Fridays a quart of blood, and on others a half-pint.

MISSIONARIES ARE LOOKING TO A MISSIONARY CONFERENCE AT ALLAHABAD, IN DECEMBER, WITH GREAT ANTIQUATIONS. IT WILL REPRESENT MOST OF THE MISSIONS IN INDIA. IT IS HOPED THAT MUCH GOOD MAY FLOW FROM IT.

A very interesting union meeting was recently held in Almora; our own, and the missions of the London Missionary Society in Kumaon were represented.

The work of our mission is quite prosperous. Barely has recently completed and dedicated a new church. Cawnpore has enlarged its church, increased its congregations and Sunday-schools, and now supports the missionary sent there. Lucknow will soon support its missionary. The work in Bombay and Poonah is flourishing under the indefatigable labors of Rev. W. Taylor. We are glad to learn that he will soon be assisted by two brethren from America. It is exceedingly gratifying to know that our own force in

liquors, and as the result of such intoxication."

Says *The New York Tribune* about the Mormon Fitch's plea, that "the Latter Day Saints draw no converts from the moral or cultivated, but operate on a people worse than itself, to whom any religion is an improvement, and any system of marriage a social advance. . . . Is this not something in its favor?" "Yes," says *The Tribune*, "viewed from a merely material point, if eating, and drinking, and clothing are everything, and true religious culture nothing!"

It is said by *The Christian Banner* that among the undergraduates of Harvard College, a society has been lately formed, called the "Servants of Christ," whose members are looking forward to entering the evangelical ministry. Meetings for devotion and Conference are held, and a well attended course of lectures established.

We learn from the *Peninsular (Ann Arbor) Courier*, that Prof. Winchell gave a farewell address to the students of the Michigan University on the 13th.

He had been connected with the institution nineteen years, and was much affected at parting with his friends, closing his well received address by saying, "seek truth, pursue it, cleave to it, whether revealed on the sacred page, in your hearts, or in nature. Look up to the great Author of truth. Farewell."

A Chinese class has been for five years in existence in the Taylor Street Methodist Episcopal Sunday-school in Portland, Oregon, and five of its members have been converted, and will doubtless do more good in reading the Bible to the multitudes who are willing to hear, than they could have done in teaching the children. The wrath of man is often made to praise God.

The necessity of a revival of religion is being discussed among Methodists throughout England. In some places religious awakenings have already taken place, and several eminent laymen and ministers are endeavoring, by various means, to promote the work of God.

Kodama, the Japanese, who was baptized by Dr. Newman, at Washington City, several months ago, has abandoned his intention of making law his profession, and proposes to study for the ministry, and return to Japan and establish a Methodist Episcopal Church.

The Rev. Luther Lee, D. D., a superannuated member of the Detroit Conference, is sick, at Milford, Mich. He preached twice December 8, and has since been confined to his room. His friends have thought that he would not get up again. His active work is doubtless finished, and he is waiting till his change shall come.

The suppression by the manager of the Stadt Theatre, at New York, recently, of the drama "Jesus in America," at the instigation of Catholic priests, has caused a good deal of comment; and the manager has announced that he will produce the play on his stage next week, as a test of the question of how far the Redemptorist Fathers shall dictate in these matters.

Dr. Pusey has sent a letter from Geneva, assigning his reasons for not voting against Dean Stanley's appointment as Select Preacher at Oxford. He says he cannot doubt that the Dean's appointment will be at the cost of faith and of souls, but he feared that the opposition would only aggravate the evil by enlisting the enthusiasm of the young.

Baptist Wriothesley Noel, whose death is announced, was born in 1799, and was a younger son of Sir Gerard Noel, and a brother of the Earl of Gainsborough. After receiving a thorough preparation at Cambridge, he took holy orders, and was appointed rector of St. John's Chapel, London. In 1848 he succeeded from the Church of England, and became a Baptist. He was noted for his zeal as a clergyman, and his activity in the cause of charity and reform.

The Catholics are quietly, but with the usual presumption upon papal credulity, canonizing a poor girl named Louise Latean, residing at a Belgian town by the name of Bois d'Hain. It is asserted that every Friday she goes into an ecstasy, first having patches, or "stigmata" of blood, as they are called, appear on her left side, the back and palm of each hand, the upper and under surface of each foot—those on the hands being oval in shape, and those on the feet oblong parallelograms with rounded angles. At the same time a comet of bloody globules encircles her brow; and from all these points in the girl's body, there exudes on some Fridays a quart of blood, and on others a half-pint.

MISSIONARIES ARE LOOKING TO A MISSIONARY CONFERENCE AT ALLAHABAD, IN DECEMBER, WITH GREAT ANTIQUATIONS. IT WILL REPRESENT MOST OF THE MISSIONS IN INDIA. IT IS HOPED THAT MUCH GOOD MAY FLOW FROM IT.

A very interesting union meeting was recently held in Almora; our own, and the missions of the London Missionary Society in Kumaon were represented.

The work of our mission is quite prosperous. Barely has recently completed and dedicated a new church. Cawnpore has enlarged its church, increased its congregations and Sunday-schools, and now supports the missionary sent there. Lucknow will soon support its missionary. The work in Bombay and Poonah is flourishing under the indefatigable labors of Rev. W. Taylor. We are glad to learn that he will soon be assisted by two brethren from America. It is exceedingly gratifying to know that our own force in

liquors, and as the result of such intoxication."

Says *The New York Tribune* about the Mormon Fitch's plea, that "the Latter Day Saints draw no converts from the moral or cultivated, but operate on a people worse than itself, to whom any religion is an improvement, and any system of marriage a social advance. . . . Is this not something in its favor?" "Yes," says *The Tribune*, "viewed from a merely material point, if eating, and drinking, and clothing are everything, and true religious culture nothing!"

It is said by *The Christian Banner* that among the undergraduates of Harvard College, a society has been lately formed, called the "Servants of Christ," whose members are looking forward to entering the evangelical ministry. Meetings for devotion and Conference are held, and a well attended course of lectures established.

We learn from the *Peninsular (Ann Arbor) Courier*, that Prof. Winchell gave a farewell address to the students of the Michigan University on the 13th.

He had been connected with the institution nineteen years, and was much affected at parting with his friends, closing his well received address by saying, "seek truth, pursue it, cleave to it, whether revealed on the sacred page, in your hearts, or in nature. Look up to the great Author of truth. Farewell."

From the Congregational Clerical Record, we gather, that sixty-two ministers of that body have deceased the last year; the average age exceeds sixty-two.

Rev. James Powell, pastor of the North Congregational Church, of Newburyport, has resigned his pastorate, on the ground of ill health, which will compel him to take some months' relaxation from his arduous duties established.

From the Congregational Clerical Record, we gather, that sixty-two ministers of that body have deceased the last year; the average age exceeds sixty-two.

Rev. James Powell, pastor of the North Congregational Church, of Newburyport, has resigned his pastorate, on the ground of ill health, which will compel him to take some months' relaxation from his arduous duties established.

Rev. James Powell, pastor of the North Congregational Church, of Newburyport, has resigned his pastorate, on the ground of ill health, which will compel him to take some months' relaxation from his arduous duties established.

Rev. James Powell, pastor of the North Congregational Church, of Newburyport, has resigned his pastorate, on the ground of ill health, which will compel him to take some months' relaxation from his arduous duties established.

Rev. James Powell, pastor of the North Congregational Church, of Newburyport, has resigned his pastorate, on the ground of ill health, which will compel him to take some months' relaxation from his arduous duties established.

Rev. James Powell, pastor of the North Congregational Church, of Newburyport, has resigned his pastorate, on the ground of ill health, which will compel him to take some months' relaxation from his arduous duties established.

Rev. James Powell, pastor of the North Congregational Church, of Newburyport, has resigned his pastorate, on the ground of ill health, which will compel him to take some months' relaxation from his arduous duties established.

Rev. James Powell, pastor of the North Congregational Church, of Newburyport, has resigned his pastorate, on the ground of ill health, which will compel him to take some months' relaxation from his arduous duties established.

Rev. James Powell, pastor of the North Congregational Church, of Newburyport, has resigned his pastorate, on the ground of ill health, which will compel him to take some months' relaxation from his arduous duties established.

Rev. James Powell, pastor of the North Congregational Church, of Newburyport, has resigned his pastorate, on the ground of ill health, which will compel him to take some months' relaxation from his arduous duties established.

Rev. James Powell, pastor of the North Congregational Church, of Newburyport, has resigned his pastorate, on the ground of ill health, which will compel him to take some months' relaxation from his arduous duties established.

Rev. James Powell, pastor of the North Congregational Church, of Newburyport, has resigned his pastorate, on the ground of ill health, which will compel him to take some months' relaxation from his arduous duties established.

Rev. James Powell, pastor of the North Congregational Church, of Newburyport, has resigned his pastorate, on the ground of ill health, which will compel him to take some months' relaxation from his arduous duties established.

Rev. James Powell, pastor of the North Congregational Church, of Newburyport, has resigned his pastorate, on the ground of ill health, which will compel him to take some months' relaxation from his arduous duties established.

Rev. James Powell, pastor of the North Congregational Church, of Newburyport, has resigned his pastorate, on the ground of ill health, which will compel him to take some months' relaxation from his arduous duties established.

Rev. James Powell, pastor of the North Congregational Church, of Newburyport, has resigned his pastorate, on the ground of ill health, which will compel him to take some months' relaxation from his arduous duties established.

Rev. James Powell, pastor of the North Congregational Church, of Newburyport, has resigned his pastorate, on the ground of ill health, which will compel him to take some months' relaxation from his arduous duties established.

Rev. James Powell, pastor of the North Congregational Church, of Newburyport, has resigned his pastorate, on the ground of ill health, which will compel him to take some months' relaxation from his arduous duties established.

Rev. James Powell, pastor of the North Congregational Church, of Newburyport, has resigned his pastorate, on the ground of ill

HERALD CALENDAR.

New Bedford District Preachers' Meeting, at Pleasant Street, New Bedford.	Feb. 4-5
Clementon District Preachers' Meeting, at Keene, N. H.	Feb. 12, 13
Dover District Ministerial Association, at Dover, N. H.	Feb. 12, 13
Neoshoonk Quarterly Conference Association, at Saxonville.	Feb. 13
Fall River Conference, at the First Church, Fall River.	Feb. 24
Rockland District Ministerial Association, at Waldoboro.	Feb. 24-26
District Conference, at the First Methodist Episcopal Church, Bangor.	March 4-6

ZION'S HERALD.

THURSDAY, JAN. 30, 1873.

PRAYER FOR COLLEGES.

The date of our present issue is the one arranged for concerted prayer for colleges. The Church has long felt the value of definite periods for the devotion of thought and supplication to the various branches of Christian effort. The concert for missions, and for the Sabbath-school have their appointed evening in every month in a large proportion of the churches. It is not only a fitting recognition of the importance of these forms of Christian labor, and of the indispensable need of the grace of the Holy Spirit to render all human service efficacious, but there is a most wholesome Christian nurture and training in the exercise. The indefiniteness that naturally invests public prayer, giving it more the form of worship than of supplication, and the very multiplication of subjects, prevent the positive grasp and comprehension of the full scope of the object prayed for; but in the concert, the one subject of common prayer is held definitely before every mind. All that is involved in it, its relation to human activity, its intrinsic importance, its bearing upon the progress of the Church, the promises of scripture covering the field of supplication, the signs of Providence arresting and directing the eyes and devotions of God's people towards the results sought for, all these come into the thoughts of such an hour, and give point and earnestness to the prayers.

The effect of such concert is very significantly seen in the constantly increasing interest and efficiency of the Missionary and Sunday-school enterprises. How much broader these fields have become, how much more intelligently they have been cultivated, how intense has grown the interest, and how earnest the petitions for the promised aid of the Divine Spirit, since the heart of the Church has been specially turned in that direction. And the corresponding blessed reaction from earnest supplication and devout study of these broad provinces of evangelical work, have been experienced. The Church herself has been spiritually cultured and inspired by her intelligent activities and prayers in behalf of the benighted nations of the earth, and of the children of the Church and of the land.

Our Church has not yet, with the same earnestness, laid hold of the spiritual necessities of her youth in the process of education, and exposed to all the ordinary and extraordinary temptations of their age, and of our times. It will not be foreign to such a concert to embrace the public schools; and in these times, certainly, Christian citizens may well set apart an hour to consider the political, social, and religious interests involved in these great common schools for our young people. The school is now threatened on many sides. The Catholic desires a purely sectarian institution, and the infidel seeks to divest it of all moral and religious instruction. It has been the one great solvent which has made us a homogeneous people, and its moral instructions have, in a degree, made us capable of self-government. We may well pray, God bless, and keep, and sanctify the public schools.

But the great proportion of our colleges are denominational. They gather up the *élite* children of the Church. From them our leading minds in all provinces of Christian activity are to come forth. Our young people are exposed even in these institutions, as well as in State universities, to an atmosphere impregnated with unbelief, and they are always the subjects of the ordinary and strong temptations of the appetites, peculiar to the period of youth. With all the Christian culture they receive, they may be possessed by infidelity, or corrupted by crime. Revivals have been and are the salvation of our colleges. Weeks of prayer, and the day of concerted prayer, have often been the commencement of remarkable revivals in college. God hears prayer! "Prove me now herewith!" He says, "if I will not open the windows of heaven." He has often done it. Nearly all our colleges have annual seasons of religious awakening, and sometimes great spiritual refreshings. How many Christian students have been converted in college! How many hundreds have been snatched from the jaws of temptation by the sudden arrest of strong religious influence breaking out in the institution where they were studying! Let earnest prayer be offered for these young people who are becoming daily strong for good or evil. What an intensity would be given to our prayers, if we could only apprehend all the consequences turning upon the conversion of one educated young man. He may be a lawyer, or a physician, or a missionary; but what a difference in his influence, with his talents or his money, will it

make whether he be a devoted Christian or not! Let us try again this old "test" of prayer. Let us unite in heartfelt devotion for the youth of the land now in seminaries of learning. With faith in the presence and promise of God — let us pray.

NEW YORK PREACHERS' MEETING.

My attention has been called repeatedly to a widely published statement, to the effect that in a recent and somewhat noted session of the New York Preachers' Meeting, I was represented by Dr. True as holding views similar to his own, touching the ultimate destination of the wicked. Yesterday I was informed that the statement had been reproduced in one of our Church papers, accompanied by a friendly and respectful intimation that some definite declaration from the possibly misrepresented party would conduct to the relief of the public mind. Under these circumstances, it is hoped that a word, necessarily personal in its character, may not be deemed obtrusive.

My first knowledge of the matter was derived from a slip, clipped from some unknown paper, and forwarded to me by a correspondent. In this I was represented as present at the meeting, and as advocating in a speech the same views as Dr. True. As I had not been in New York for months, the origin or occasion of such a report, was, of course, perfectly accountable. The only notice I thought proper to take of it, was to enclose the slip to the President of the New York Preachers' Meeting, with an inquiry, whether it would be well for the brethren to secure a new reporter of their proceedings. I also informed him, that the intimation respecting my views, was as false as the representation of my whereabouts on the Monday in question.

My mystification was not materially lessened by the later form of the report. So far as I understand Dr. T.'s eschatological views from certain carbuncle interviews and a Broadway omnibus conversation, I can only say, that I have not the slightest confidence, either in the good Doctor's conclusions, or in his scriptural, psychological, and ethical arguments in their support. I supposed that he perfectly understood this. If, because I have never said it to him with equal plainness, he has assumed that I agreed with him, he need no longer labor under the mistake. If I have failed to publicly protest against his teachings, I have not failed to publicly inculcate the teachings which he has abandoned. Any more personal form of opposition would have been indecent and painful to me from the fact, that our earliest relations to each other, were those of an impulsive pupil to an esteemed and honored University Professor, and that ever since that time it has been my grateful duty to look up to him as one of the fathers in our ministry, my earliest class-leader, a generous personal friend.

In concluding, allow me to express the hope, that the published reports of the treatment accorded the Doctor by the Preachers' Meeting, after that he had been formally invited to express his views, may yet be shown to be as baseless and misleading as those relating to myself.

WILLIAM F. WARREN.

BOSTON, Jan. 23, 1873.

NAPOLEON III.

AND THE SECOND ADVENT.

Perhaps no man has ever lived, upon whose existence men have staked higher, and lost more. Starting the world by his sudden accession to power, glorifying his deed by at least outward success, dazzling the eye with surface splendor, winning from France an overwhelming vote of approval and confidence; and then, after years of secret preparation, with all the aids of science and art, no mean military prestige, and the enthusiasm of a nation behind him, he throws himself against the gates of United Germany, meeting, instead of the marvelous success of his uncle, which very many had accorded to him in advance, utter rout and ruin; after the whole, he dies an exile like his uncle before him, and with him the star of his "dynasty," for the present at least, has gone down a second time in darkness.

Believing most thoroughly in himself, or rather in his "destiny," he has persistently followed out his plans with a grim disregard of consequences. And if we may credit common report, he has never lost his expectation of standing again in the place from which he fell. But his expectations have failed. Instead of being the world's Leader, and seeing France the Glory of the nations, he is dead, and France is under the heel of the Conqueror. He played high, and lost the whole.

The Imperialists of France have staked heavily on his life. Charmed by the glory of the Second Empire, thrilled with the memory of the power of the First; incited by all the personal, selfish motives which lead men to raise their fellows into places of power, they have placed themselves athwart the tide of public sentiment which is rising in France, and throughout the world, and in the effort to turn this tide into other channels, they have been swept away, and cast like driftwood on the shore. They, too, played high, and for many years at the shortest, they will find no way to win back the stakes.

But the heaviest losers in this "Game of the Emperor," are those enthusiastic, fanatical, though undoubtedly honest men, who have fallen into the error of interpreting prophecy in advance of its fulfillment, and have linked the name or dynasty of Napoleon with the closing scenes of earth's history. With them, he has been indeed the "Man of Sin," the "Anti-

Christ," who should go on in an uninterrupted career of conquest and victory, till the whole earth should be practically beneath his feet. When, crazed by success, and lured on to final ruin by the powers of darkness, he should claim divine honors; and in his chosen place, Jerusalem the Holy, he should sit as the Representative of God on earth, and worshiped first by that nation who years ago rejected the true Christ, revered finally by the masses of all nations for his prowess in war, if for naught else, he should lay his hand heavily on all who did not own his sway, and thus become the representative of the Great Apostacy, the power of earth's rebellion, the veritable Antichrist who should rule the nations, and waste the heritage of God, until finally destroyed in the great day of wrath by "the sword of His mouth," and "the brightness of His coming."

Such was the "manifest destiny" of this man. And volumes have been written, and thousands of predictions have been made, bearing on this point. His name — Napoleon — in Latin and Greek, has been dissected and reconstructed on mathematical principles into the magic number 666, which was to designate the name of a person or system prominent in Apocalyptic prophecy. His movements have been watched with eagle eye; success has shown his grand *coup d'état* to be near at hand; failure only meant a deepening of the plot, rendering success more certain in the end. His Mexican expedition was the commencement of a series of movements which should give him a foothold whence to dictate terms to the New World, where he would force one link in that chain of fortresses which should enable him to enslave the race. His failure there was only a "change of base," — a part of that grand, strategical move through which, some fine morning, as in France some years ago, we should find Monsieur standing before our doors, *chaplain* in one hand, *chassepot* in the other, begging our pardon for the *necessity* he must impose on us of receiving on our foreheads, and in our hands, the "mark of the Beast" — L. N. B., — before getting his royal permission to buy, sell, or even live.

The treasures of gold were his, whence he could outbid all competitors, because Algeria was garrisoned with French troops. The French fleet was the largest and most formidable in the world. His navy yards, dry docks, arsenals, fortresses, were all unsurpassed. And that standing army, which was all this time sapping the national life, was invincible, armed as it was with those dreaded and mysterious weapons, the *mitrailleuse* and the *chassepot*.

And what he could not do by the arms of France, he would accomplish by an appeal to the Democracy of the nations, of which he would make himself the champion and head, only to use it in the end for his own glory and the oppression of the race.

Men have proposed, but, as so often before, God has disposed. Perhaps he, too, had dreams as wild and hopeless as this, though it is doubtful. He has at least acted many times as though he recognized no possibility of failure. And this reckless spirit doubtless aided in his overthrow. But from a hopeless beginning in life, through a career of apparent success, he has at last failed in everything, and flattered, adherents and profligates are alike struck dumb. To this there is perhaps no parallel, except, "to compare great things with small," in the history of Victoria C. Woodhull, as graphically delineated by T. Tilton, where we see her feeble beginning, her towering ambition, her certainty of success, and remember her cell in Ludlow Street Jail at the end. And in both these cases, one hardly knows which to marvel at most, the presumption of the heroes, or the stupidity of the prophets.

But what next? What will our friends do now? Will they acknowledge themselves mistaken, or await in silence some other Coming Man, or transfer the glory which should have been his, to his "dynasty," and wait for the Prince Imperial to work out the problem? If the last, will there not be need of a change in the time? How can a youth of seventeen be expected to fulfill so wonderful a destiny before the year 1875, or even 1880? Or will they throw up their carls, and let Napoleon and his dynasty disappear from the prophetic drama? No one who has not followed closely the development of the Napoleonic exposition of prophecy, can realize what a stupendous structure has been reared on this foundation. Throwing out the chances for fulfillment in the son, the whole thing is now seen to be a stupendous fraud. Will those who have given this theory to the world, and labored so hard to make men believe it, have the honor and courage to admit their mistake? As far as Napoleon III. is concerned, they are unquestionably wrong. Will they admit that much? Having great confidence in the good intentions of some of these men, and viewing them personally as tried and valued friends, we cannot avoid hoping they will take the right course in this matter.

The Imperialists of France have staked heavily on his life. Charmed by the glory of the Second Empire, thrilled with the memory of the power of the First; incited by all the personal, selfish motives which lead men to raise their fellows into places of power, they have placed themselves athwart the tide of public sentiment which is rising in France, and throughout the world, and in the effort to turn this tide into other channels, they have been swept away, and cast like driftwood on the shore. They, too, played high, and for many years at the shortest, they will find no way to win back the stakes.

But the heaviest losers in this "Game

of the Emperor," are those enthusiastic, fanatical, though undoubtedly honest men, who have fallen into the error of interpreting prophecy in advance of its fulfillment, and have linked the name or dynasty of Napoleon with the closing scenes of earth's history. With them, he has been indeed the "Man of Sin," the "Anti-

Christ," who should go on in an uninterrupted career of conquest and victory, till the whole earth should be practically beneath his feet. When, crazed by success, and lured on to final ruin by the powers of darkness, he should claim divine honors; and in his chosen place, Jerusalem the Holy, he should sit as the Representative of God on earth, and worshiped first by that nation who years ago rejected the true Christ, revered finally by the masses of all nations for his prowess in war, if for naught else, he should lay his hand heavily on all who did not own his sway, and thus become the representative of the Great Apostacy, the power of earth's rebellion, the veritable Antichrist who should rule the nations, and waste the heritage of God, until finally destroyed in the great day of wrath by "the sword of His mouth," and "the brightness of His coming."

Doubtless "the day of the Lord hasteth greatly." The stars above that the eye fails to note the slightest change, are all circling onward with inconceivable velocity to keep their appointed places in the great year of God. But to us they move so slow, that we grow faint as we try to grasp the time when that mighty cycle shall be completed.

So this work of adjusting the accounts, and settling the difficulties, and closing up the business of the world, is no small matter. Nothing but infinite power and wisdom could ever do it; and were we permitted to view the workings of God's providence from His stand-point, we might see that even the measureless resources and unbounded energies of this infinite Power and Wisdom, are all employed in speeding onward the day of the "Great Assize," — that day when God shall vindicate His laws before the universe.

It matters little to us when this time comes, if we are "also ready." Whether in the ages of the future, or "at the doors," our duty is the same. "Till He comes," is the theme of Christian effort. And naught but a selfish love of ease, and a distaste for earnest Christian work will lead us to "count the days" as they pass. If filled with Christ's spirit, we shall be able to understand how the long-suffering of God is salvation; and, though watching and waiting, and hailing every token of the Bridegroom's return, still bearing in constant remembrance the words of the Absent One, "Watch ye, therefore, for in such an hour as ye think not, the Son of man cometh."

MR. HILLARD AND THE BREWER'S ASSOCIATION.

Those who are so highly favored as to know Hon. George S. Hillard, however zealous they may be to advance the cause of sobriety by moral and legal means, can have no such desire as he spoke of in his argument: to "brand (him) with moral reprobation" because he does "not choose the same road in which to travel as they themselves choose." They gladly accord to him sincerity, a high purpose, and rare ability as a *littérateur* and orator. The Brewer's Association had the benefit of his character and ability at the recent hearing concerning the Beer Law, before the Legislative Committee! A report, in most part correct, of his argument appeared in the *Boston Journal*. No one doubts Mr. Hillard's knowledge of most subjects upon which he writes or speaks. Some of the avowed advocates of Prohibition, as he intimates, may have "zeal greater than knowledge," yet we submit that knowledge without zeal in the work of reformation is not adequate to remove evils. Not a few of the Prohibitionists have studied the whole question of Intemperance carefully, and their knowledge is supplemented by the use of all alcoholic drinks, whether ale, beer, wine, or ardent spirits. Therefore we believe that instead of furnishing facilities for the sale of drinks containing this dangerous property, it is better to prohibit their sale, even if, as Mr. Hillard says, "the passion that drives men to use ardent spirits is an almost universal one to humanity." To check the appetite for ardent spirits it is best to discourage the use of lighter stimulants that offer "constant inducement to repeat and increase" the drinking. Certainly an "almost universal passion," that is so dangerous and deadly if gratified, needs no legislation to restrain it. Because the sexual passion is even wider spread than the desire for intoxicants, shall our legislation provide, and sanction, and protect facilities for illicit gratification? Shall brothels be multiplied, and licensed, or even protected by law?

There is almost a "universal passion" for gambling. Why not license gambling houses then, or grant them special immunities? Even the Boston papers that advocate the licensing of beer and dram-shops, had no word of disapproval for the recent closing of the gambling hells of Germany. Yet the prohibition was clearly "an interference with private judgment" of the gambling-house keepers, and their victims. Mr. Hillard, able and experienced lawyer though he is, and student of social science, knows that gambling-houses in Boston or in Baden or Homburg, never occasioned such a vast sum total of idleness, shiftlessness, improvidence, poverty, crime, and misery, as the breweries and beer and dram-shops in this State and Germany have fostered among the people. The brothels of Boston, ruinous as they are to men and women alike, have never broken so many hearts as have the beer and dram-shops.

Grant the fact of "human imperfection," and that in human nature, as in Burns and Coleridge, "the divine and animal meet." Shall our legislation and our work help the divine, or the animal? Shall our laws protect the worst temptations, that meet the many, having passions they "do not, or cannot control?" Or, shall we, "looking upon men and their failings with tenderness and charity," recognize that as the best government which, as Gladstone says, "makes it easier to do right, and harder to do wrong?"

The first objection of Mr. Hillard to the change in the law proposed by the prohibitionist is, that it is better, instead of interfering with private judgment by means of "paternal government," to "let men alone to depend upon themselves, and not upon the action of legislatures, or the control of government." and of Dr. Charles Wilson's: "No circumstances of ordinary life can be so far opposed by alcohol, as that the maximum efforts of each are incompatible with the injection of any moderate quantity of fermented liquid;" and of Prof. Pereira's: "Ales are not fitted for ordinary use, on account of their intoxicating and stupefying qualities;" and of Dr. Charles Wilson's: "No circumstances of ordinary life can be so far opposed by alcohol, as that the maximum efforts of each are incompatible with the injection of any moderate quantity of fermented liquid;" and of Prof. Pereira's: "Ales are not fitted for ordinary use, on account of their intoxicating and stupefying qualities;" and of Dr. Charles Wilson's: "No circumstances of ordinary life can be so far opposed by alcohol, as that the maximum efforts of each are incompatible with the injection of any moderate quantity of fermented liquid;" and of Prof. Pereira's: "Ales are not fitted for ordinary use, on account of their intoxicating and stupefying qualities;" and of Dr. Charles Wilson's: "No circumstances of ordinary life can be so far opposed by alcohol, as that the maximum efforts of each are incompatible with the injection of any moderate quantity of fermented liquid;" and of Prof. Pereira's: "Ales are not fitted for ordinary use, on account of their intoxicating and stupefying qualities;" and of Dr. Charles Wilson's: "No circumstances of ordinary life can be so far opposed by alcohol, as that the maximum efforts of each are incompatible with the injection of any moderate quantity of fermented liquid;" and of Prof. Pereira's: "Ales are not fitted for ordinary use, on account of their intoxicating and stupefying qualities;" and of Dr. Charles Wilson's: "No circumstances of ordinary life can be so far opposed by alcohol, as that the maximum efforts of each are incompatible with the injection of any moderate quantity of fermented liquid;" and of Prof. Pereira's: "Ales are not fitted for ordinary use, on account of their intoxicating and stupefying qualities;" and of Dr. Charles Wilson's: "No circumstances of ordinary life can be so far opposed by alcohol, as that the maximum efforts of each are incompatible with the injection of any moderate quantity of fermented liquid;" and of Prof. Pereira's: "Ales are not fitted for ordinary use, on account of their intoxicating and stupefying qualities;" and of Dr. Charles Wilson's: "No circumstances of ordinary life can be so far opposed by alcohol, as that the maximum efforts of each are incompatible with the injection of any moderate quantity of fermented liquid;" and of Prof. Pereira's: "Ales are not fitted for ordinary use, on account of their intoxicating and stupefying qualities;" and of Dr. Charles Wilson's: "No circumstances of ordinary life can be so far opposed by alcohol, as that the maximum efforts of each are incompatible with the injection of any moderate quantity of fermented liquid;" and of Prof. Pereira's: "Ales are not fitted for ordinary use, on account of their intoxicating and stupefying qualities;" and of Dr. Charles Wilson's: "No circumstances of ordinary life can be so far opposed by alcohol, as that the maximum efforts of each are incompatible with the injection of any moderate quantity of fermented liquid;" and of Prof. Pereira's: "Ales are not fitted for ordinary use, on account of their intoxicating and stupefying qualities;" and of Dr. Charles Wilson's: "No circumstances of ordinary life can be so far opposed by alcohol, as that the maximum efforts of each are incompatible with the injection of any moderate quantity of fermented liquid;" and of Prof. Pereira's: "Ales are not fitted for ordinary use, on account of their intoxicating and stupefying qualities;" and of Dr. Charles Wilson's: "No circumstances of ordinary life can be so far opposed by alcohol, as that the maximum efforts of each are incompatible with the injection of any moderate quantity of fermented liquid;" and of Prof. Pereira's: "Ales are not fitted for ordinary use, on account of their intoxicating and stupefying qualities;" and of Dr. Charles Wilson's: "No circumstances of ordinary life can be so far opposed by alcohol, as that the maximum efforts of each are incompatible with the injection of any moderate quantity of fermented liquid;" and of Prof. Pereira's: "Ales are not fitted for ordinary use, on account of their intoxicating and stupefying qualities;" and of Dr. Charles Wilson's: "No circumstances of ordinary life can be so far opposed by alcohol, as that the maximum efforts of each are incompatible with the injection of any moderate quantity of fermented liquid;" and of Prof. Pereira's: "Ales are not fitted for ordinary use, on account of their intoxicating and stupefying qualities;" and of Dr. Charles Wilson's: "No circumstances of ordinary life can be so far opposed by alcohol, as that the maximum efforts of each are incompatible with the injection of any moderate quantity of fermented liquid;" and of Prof. Pereira's: "Ales are not fitted for ordinary use, on account of their intoxicating and stupefying qualities;" and of Dr. Charles Wilson's: "No circumstances of ordinary life can be so far opposed by alcohol, as that the maximum efforts of each are incompatible with the injection of any moderate quantity of fermented liquid;" and of Prof. Pereira's: "Ales are not fitted for ordinary use, on account of their intoxicating and stupefying qualities;" and of Dr. Charles Wilson's: "No circumstances of ordinary life can be so far opposed by alcohol, as that the maximum efforts of each are incompatible with the injection of any moderate quantity of fermented liquid;" and of Prof. Pereira's: "Ales are not fitted for ordinary use, on account of their intoxicating and stupefying qualities;" and of Dr

present chaplain uncomfortable, or to take away from him any respect due his office, or himself, from the cadets, we should be as heartily opposed to the suggestion of Mr. Niles. His recommendations, however, as a whole, are worthy of careful consideration.

The *New York Observer* has a very able paper from the pen of Dr. McCosh, of Princeton College, which will, as it ought, arrest the attention of the Faculties and Trustees of our American colleges. The President of Harvard University has just brought the subject of obligatory attendance upon recitations, lectures, and religious exercises, before his Board of Overseers. It is understood that he favors leaving this to the voluntary choice of students, only exacting the most stringent tests of scholarship at the examinations for degrees. Dr. McCosh shows that the newspapers which have announced this movement, as bringing the University into line with the foremost European institutions, have entirely failed of apprehending the fact, in the case. Speaking from personal knowledge, he affirms that the best English, Scotch, and Irish institutions require in addition to examinations, thorough daily supervision of studies, and do not attempt to secure the exact scholarship which they require, and actually produce, by loose methods of lectures, or by simply submitting their students to periodical examinations. He shows that the same result is secured in the great English Universities, at Oxford and Cambridge, by numerous accomplished tutors, with only a small number of pupils each, whom they thoroughly drill by daily recitations. As to the German Universities, he shows that the graduates of the public *gymnasien* and *real schule*, have actually been carried over more than two years of the curriculum of our American colleges, and have been, in them, drilled with remarkable strictness, so that they are well prepared, if they desire it, to enter upon the higher branches of education under learned lecturers. The great body of young students, however, the doctor contends, do not study, but devote their time more to social enjoyment, dissipation, and duels, than to a careful improvement of their remarkable opportunities. He justly deprecates such a loosely disciplined condition of things in our American colleges, with our immature, and not over-thoroughly trained lads. He thinks it will greatly lower the standard of exact scholarship, and increase the social temptations and perils of these dangerous years of early study. Above all, he lifts up his voice against the abrogation of required daily religious and Sabbath worship. "Surely," he says, with truly Christian warmth, "hundreds of young men are not to be taken away from their natural guardians, and made to herd together without some provision being made for their religious training. It is time that the churches of Christ were taking this whole subject into consideration." To which we heartily say, Amen! Dr. McCosh speaks with authority, as a trained student, of the broadest scholarship, in European institutions. We trust his weighty sentences will be pondered by those who are impulsively and somewhat imperatively requiring that all involuntary college discipline should be broken down.

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS.

We have received several illustrations of late, of the careful pastoral work accomplished by some of our ministers and churches. The "angel of the Church" at Auburndale sends out, with the opening of the year, an admirably arranged circular, which bears quite distinctly upon it the characteristic marks of Dr. Tourneé, who is a parishioner, addressed to every Church member, with blanks to be filled up, calling for voluntary personal service in all the walks of Christian duty. The circular when filled and signed is to be returned to the pastor. He thus has a militant brigade of volunteers for all Church work.

Dr. C. H. Payne, of Philadelphia, sends out to his flock a handsomely printed leaflet, replete with appropriate and tender counsels and exhortations.

Some friend connected with the State Street Methodist Episcopal Church, Troy, N. Y., sends us two quarterly cards issued by a class-leader of the Church, containing the names of its members, and the hour and place of meeting. On the reverse side, topics to be experimentally considered, on each successive meeting, with a few appropriate verses of scripture, are presented. The verses are to be committed. The topics are admirably selected; all relate to the Christian life, and must give a point, variety, breadth and power to the class-meetings thus managed, that does not always characterize these occasions. Both leader and class-members have been thus made to think upon a common theme, and examine themselves by common scriptural tests. The result must be eminently profitable.

The annual Methodist Family Festival, held in the interest of the Missionary S. S. Union, came off, according to announcement, at Music Hall, last Wednesday evening. The weather was auspicious, and a very large crowd of warm-hearted, happy Methodists, old and young, filled with life, and lively conversation, the great hall, and one of the galleries of this beautiful assembly room. Dr. Gov. Clafin presided on the occasion, as far as the simple opening services required his presence and voice; after these were performed, the gathered hundreds quite effectually took care of themselves, with the un-

wearied aid of scores of well-dressed young men, with fluttering ribbons upon their breasts. The pecuniary results, the number and character of the assemblage, the social enjoyment, the substantial collation provided for the occasion, the sublime music of the great organ, the fine performance of Gilmore's band, the appropriate, unheard opening speech of the chairman, and the prayer of the chaplain, Brother Jones, of Newton, may be considered a good success. Of the dramatic performance, which was made the *piece de resistance* of the evening, as we could not hear it, and probably did not see it to the best advantage, having nothing favorable to say, we simply remain speechless upon this portion of the entertainment. If, with our limited opportunity to pronounce a judgment, it might be permitted us to render one, we would modestly suggest, that, when the programme is arranged next year, we trust his administration will open with a spiritual refreshing among its members and continue under the baptism of the Holy Spirit.

OUR BISHOPS.—We are offering this beautiful steel engraving to all *old and new* subscribers as a premium, who pay by sending \$2.50 for the year 1873, sent by mail free of expense to each subscriber. Don't be impatient if you do not get the engraving for a week or two after sending your money. It has been impossible for us to keep up with our orders through January. We shall soon be able to mail them as fast as ordered, and all who are entitled to it shall have it soon. Those who have sent forward their subscription for the year '73, we trust will renew promptly, and induce those who do not take the *HERALD* to do so. Do not wait to be called on by your pastor, but call on him, or send your money, directly to the Agent most convenient. You can do so at our risk.

"I BEG TO DIFFER."—Your Middletown correspondent, in the last *HERALD*, while giving many items of interest to your readers, makes one very palpable misrepresentation of facts. In speaking of the lady members of the Freshman Class, he says that the step they took in entering the university, is considered an ill-advised one by the majority of the students. I am sure that the opposite of this is the case,—that your correspondent is led to judge of others' feelings by his own. I admit that, before their coming, nearly all the students were opposed to the experiment. But the principal objection appeared to be that men of other colleges would ridicule the movement, and consider Wesleyan scarcely superior to an ordinary seminary. Experience has changed the views of many. To-day, I think that a very large minority, if not a majority, of the students are decidedly in favor of co-education. The Faculty, to a man, favor the movement. The ladies are winning golden opinions from all by their conduct, their scholarship is of the very highest order, and in all respects Wesleyan has reason to congratulate herself on the success of her experiment. This explanation and correction is, I think, due to the ladies themselves, and to those friends of Wesleyan who advocate co-education.

MIDDLETOWN, Jan. 18, 1873.

The Boston Preachers' Meeting, after listening last Monday morning to an admirable address from Rev. Mr. Northrop, Secretary elect of the Japanese Educational Bureau, which was heard with thrilling interest, spent the balance of over a three hours' session in considering the proposed abandonment of the Hanover Street church as a distinct religious organization. It being understood by the meeting that nothing had been consummated, as yet, by the authorities in the matter, the object of those participating in the discussion, which was unusually warm and animated, was to defer action in so important a matter until the churches in the city should have a chance to be represented in some proper manner. The prevailing impression seemed to be in favor of keeping up the organization by all means, if among the possibilities.

The *Christian Era* says:—

"THEOLOGICAL NAMES have changed, for the Rev. Daniel Steele addressed the students of Andover Theological Seminary, December 1, on the Emergence of Success in Methodism, which Congregationalists may appreciate." There are other denominations besides the Congregationalists which could afford to "appreciate" the elements of success in Methodism. The history of Methodism is a history of the shining point of modern Christianity. It is the history of revivals, and their Arminian theology,—which we no more believe in than in squaring the circle—has been relieved and compensated by their thorough reliance on God. God's method of salvation, the method of the soul, will be credited for the salvation of the world.

The history of Methodism is the shining point of modern Christianity. It is the history of revivals, and their Arminian theology,—which we no more believe in than in squaring the circle—has been relieved and compensated by their thorough reliance on God. God's method of salvation, the method of the soul, will be credited for the salvation of the world.

The Boston Preachers' Meeting, after listening last Monday morning to an admirable address from Rev. Mr. Northrop, Secretary elect of the Japanese Educational Bureau, which was heard with thrilling interest, spent the balance of over a three hours' session in considering the proposed abandonment of the Hanover Street church as a distinct religious organization. It being understood by the meeting that nothing had been consummated, as yet, by the authorities in the matter, the object of those participating in the discussion, which was unusually warm and animated, was to defer action in so important a matter until the churches in the city should have a chance to be represented in some proper manner. The prevailing impression seemed to be in favor of keeping up the organization by all means, if among the possibilities.

The *Christian Era* says:—

"THEOLOGICAL NAMES have changed, for the Rev. Daniel Steele addressed the students of Andover Theological Seminary, December 1, on the Emergence of Success in Methodism, which Congregationalists may appreciate." There are other denominations besides the Congregationalists which could afford to "appreciate" the elements of success in Methodism. The history of Methodism is a history of the shining point of modern Christianity. It is the history of revivals, and their Arminian theology,—which we no more believe in than in squaring the circle—has been relieved and compensated by their thorough reliance on God. God's method of salvation, the method of the soul, will be credited for the salvation of the world.

The Boston Preachers' Meeting, after listening last Monday morning to an admirable address from Rev. Mr. Northrop, Secretary elect of the Japanese Educational Bureau, which was heard with thrilling interest, spent the balance of over a three hours' session in considering the proposed abandonment of the Hanover Street church as a distinct religious organization. It being understood by the meeting that nothing had been consummated, as yet, by the authorities in the matter, the object of those participating in the discussion, which was unusually warm and animated, was to defer action in so important a matter until the churches in the city should have a chance to be represented in some proper manner. The prevailing impression seemed to be in favor of keeping up the organization by all means, if among the possibilities.

The *Christian Era* says:—

"THEOLOGICAL NAMES have changed, for the Rev. Daniel Steele addressed the students of Andover Theological Seminary, December 1, on the Emergence of Success in Methodism, which Congregationalists may appreciate." There are other denominations besides the Congregationalists which could afford to "appreciate" the elements of success in Methodism. The history of Methodism is a history of the shining point of modern Christianity. It is the history of revivals, and their Arminian theology,—which we no more believe in than in squaring the circle—has been relieved and compensated by their thorough reliance on God. God's method of salvation, the method of the soul, will be credited for the salvation of the world.

The Boston Preachers' Meeting, after listening last Monday morning to an admirable address from Rev. Mr. Northrop, Secretary elect of the Japanese Educational Bureau, which was heard with thrilling interest, spent the balance of over a three hours' session in considering the proposed abandonment of the Hanover Street church as a distinct religious organization. It being understood by the meeting that nothing had been consummated, as yet, by the authorities in the matter, the object of those participating in the discussion, which was unusually warm and animated, was to defer action in so important a matter until the churches in the city should have a chance to be represented in some proper manner. The prevailing impression seemed to be in favor of keeping up the organization by all means, if among the possibilities.

The *Christian Era* says:—

"THEOLOGICAL NAMES have changed, for the Rev. Daniel Steele addressed the students of Andover Theological Seminary, December 1, on the Emergence of Success in Methodism, which Congregationalists may appreciate." There are other denominations besides the Congregationalists which could afford to "appreciate" the elements of success in Methodism. The history of Methodism is a history of the shining point of modern Christianity. It is the history of revivals, and their Arminian theology,—which we no more believe in than in squaring the circle—has been relieved and compensated by their thorough reliance on God. God's method of salvation, the method of the soul, will be credited for the salvation of the world.

The Boston Preachers' Meeting, after listening last Monday morning to an admirable address from Rev. Mr. Northrop, Secretary elect of the Japanese Educational Bureau, which was heard with thrilling interest, spent the balance of over a three hours' session in considering the proposed abandonment of the Hanover Street church as a distinct religious organization. It being understood by the meeting that nothing had been consummated, as yet, by the authorities in the matter, the object of those participating in the discussion, which was unusually warm and animated, was to defer action in so important a matter until the churches in the city should have a chance to be represented in some proper manner. The prevailing impression seemed to be in favor of keeping up the organization by all means, if among the possibilities.

The *Christian Era* says:—

"THEOLOGICAL NAMES have changed, for the Rev. Daniel Steele addressed the students of Andover Theological Seminary, December 1, on the Emergence of Success in Methodism, which Congregationalists may appreciate." There are other denominations besides the Congregationalists which could afford to "appreciate" the elements of success in Methodism. The history of Methodism is a history of the shining point of modern Christianity. It is the history of revivals, and their Arminian theology,—which we no more believe in than in squaring the circle—has been relieved and compensated by their thorough reliance on God. God's method of salvation, the method of the soul, will be credited for the salvation of the world.

The Boston Preachers' Meeting, after listening last Monday morning to an admirable address from Rev. Mr. Northrop, Secretary elect of the Japanese Educational Bureau, which was heard with thrilling interest, spent the balance of over a three hours' session in considering the proposed abandonment of the Hanover Street church as a distinct religious organization. It being understood by the meeting that nothing had been consummated, as yet, by the authorities in the matter, the object of those participating in the discussion, which was unusually warm and animated, was to defer action in so important a matter until the churches in the city should have a chance to be represented in some proper manner. The prevailing impression seemed to be in favor of keeping up the organization by all means, if among the possibilities.

The *Christian Era* says:—

"THEOLOGICAL NAMES have changed, for the Rev. Daniel Steele addressed the students of Andover Theological Seminary, December 1, on the Emergence of Success in Methodism, which Congregationalists may appreciate." There are other denominations besides the Congregationalists which could afford to "appreciate" the elements of success in Methodism. The history of Methodism is a history of the shining point of modern Christianity. It is the history of revivals, and their Arminian theology,—which we no more believe in than in squaring the circle—has been relieved and compensated by their thorough reliance on God. God's method of salvation, the method of the soul, will be credited for the salvation of the world.

The Boston Preachers' Meeting, after listening last Monday morning to an admirable address from Rev. Mr. Northrop, Secretary elect of the Japanese Educational Bureau, which was heard with thrilling interest, spent the balance of over a three hours' session in considering the proposed abandonment of the Hanover Street church as a distinct religious organization. It being understood by the meeting that nothing had been consummated, as yet, by the authorities in the matter, the object of those participating in the discussion, which was unusually warm and animated, was to defer action in so important a matter until the churches in the city should have a chance to be represented in some proper manner. The prevailing impression seemed to be in favor of keeping up the organization by all means, if among the possibilities.

The *Christian Era* says:—

"THEOLOGICAL NAMES have changed, for the Rev. Daniel Steele addressed the students of Andover Theological Seminary, December 1, on the Emergence of Success in Methodism, which Congregationalists may appreciate." There are other denominations besides the Congregationalists which could afford to "appreciate" the elements of success in Methodism. The history of Methodism is a history of the shining point of modern Christianity. It is the history of revivals, and their Arminian theology,—which we no more believe in than in squaring the circle—has been relieved and compensated by their thorough reliance on God. God's method of salvation, the method of the soul, will be credited for the salvation of the world.

The Boston Preachers' Meeting, after listening last Monday morning to an admirable address from Rev. Mr. Northrop, Secretary elect of the Japanese Educational Bureau, which was heard with thrilling interest, spent the balance of over a three hours' session in considering the proposed abandonment of the Hanover Street church as a distinct religious organization. It being understood by the meeting that nothing had been consummated, as yet, by the authorities in the matter, the object of those participating in the discussion, which was unusually warm and animated, was to defer action in so important a matter until the churches in the city should have a chance to be represented in some proper manner. The prevailing impression seemed to be in favor of keeping up the organization by all means, if among the possibilities.

The *Christian Era* says:—

"THEOLOGICAL NAMES have changed, for the Rev. Daniel Steele addressed the students of Andover Theological Seminary, December 1, on the Emergence of Success in Methodism, which Congregationalists may appreciate." There are other denominations besides the Congregationalists which could afford to "appreciate" the elements of success in Methodism. The history of Methodism is a history of the shining point of modern Christianity. It is the history of revivals, and their Arminian theology,—which we no more believe in than in squaring the circle—has been relieved and compensated by their thorough reliance on God. God's method of salvation, the method of the soul, will be credited for the salvation of the world.

The Boston Preachers' Meeting, after listening last Monday morning to an admirable address from Rev. Mr. Northrop, Secretary elect of the Japanese Educational Bureau, which was heard with thrilling interest, spent the balance of over a three hours' session in considering the proposed abandonment of the Hanover Street church as a distinct religious organization. It being understood by the meeting that nothing had been consummated, as yet, by the authorities in the matter, the object of those participating in the discussion, which was unusually warm and animated, was to defer action in so important a matter until the churches in the city should have a chance to be represented in some proper manner. The prevailing impression seemed to be in favor of keeping up the organization by all means, if among the possibilities.

The *Christian Era* says:—

"THEOLOGICAL NAMES have changed, for the Rev. Daniel Steele addressed the students of Andover Theological Seminary, December 1, on the Emergence of Success in Methodism, which Congregationalists may appreciate." There are other denominations besides the Congregationalists which could afford to "appreciate" the elements of success in Methodism. The history of Methodism is a history of the shining point of modern Christianity. It is the history of revivals, and their Arminian theology,—which we no more believe in than in squaring the circle—has been relieved and compensated by their thorough reliance on God. God's method of salvation, the method of the soul, will be credited for the salvation of the world.

The Boston Preachers' Meeting, after listening last Monday morning to an admirable address from Rev. Mr. Northrop, Secretary elect of the Japanese Educational Bureau, which was heard with thrilling interest, spent the balance of over a three hours' session in considering the proposed abandonment of the Hanover Street church as a distinct religious organization. It being understood by the meeting that nothing had been consummated, as yet, by the authorities in the matter, the object of those participating in the discussion, which was unusually warm and animated, was to defer action in so important a matter until the churches in the city should have a chance to be represented in some proper manner. The prevailing impression seemed to be in favor of keeping up the organization by all means, if among the possibilities.

The *Christian Era* says:—

"THEOLOGICAL NAMES have changed, for the Rev. Daniel Steele addressed the students of Andover Theological Seminary, December 1, on the Emergence of Success in Methodism, which Congregationalists may appreciate." There are other denominations besides the Congregationalists which could afford to "appreciate" the elements of success in Methodism. The history of Methodism is a history of the shining point of modern Christianity. It is the history of revivals, and their Arminian theology,—which we no more believe in than in squaring the circle—has been relieved and compensated by their thorough reliance on God. God's method of salvation, the method of the soul, will be credited for the salvation of the world.

The Boston Preachers' Meeting, after listening last Monday morning to an admirable address from Rev. Mr. Northrop, Secretary elect of the Japanese Educational Bureau, which was heard with thrilling interest, spent the balance of over a three hours' session in considering the proposed abandonment of the Hanover Street church as a distinct religious organization. It being understood by the meeting that nothing had been consummated, as yet, by the authorities in the matter, the object of those participating in the discussion, which was unusually warm and animated, was to defer action in so important a matter until the churches in the city should have a chance to be represented in some proper manner. The prevailing impression seemed to be in favor of keeping up the organization by all means, if among the possibilities.

The *Christian Era* says:—

"THEOLOGICAL NAMES have changed, for the Rev. Daniel Steele addressed the students of Andover Theological Seminary, December 1, on the Emergence of Success in Methodism, which Congregationalists may appreciate." There are other denominations besides the Congregationalists which could afford to "appreciate" the elements of success in Methodism. The history of Methodism is a history of the shining point of modern Christianity. It is the history of revivals, and their Arminian theology,—which we no more believe in than in squaring the circle—has been relieved and compensated by their thorough reliance on God. God's method of salvation, the method of the soul, will be credited for the salvation of the world.

The Boston Preachers' Meeting, after listening last Monday morning to an admirable address from Rev. Mr. Northrop, Secretary elect of the Japanese Educational Bureau, which was heard with thrilling interest, spent the balance of over a three hours' session in considering the proposed abandonment of the Hanover Street church as a distinct religious organization. It being understood by the meeting that nothing had been consummated, as yet, by the authorities in the matter, the object of those participating in the discussion, which was unusually warm and animated, was to defer action in so important a matter until the churches in the city should have a chance to be represented in some proper manner. The prevailing impression seemed to be in favor of keeping up the organization by all means, if among the possibilities.

The *Christian Era* says:—

"THEOLOGICAL NAMES have changed, for the Rev. Daniel Steele addressed the students of Andover Theological Seminary, December 1, on the Emergence of Success in Methodism, which Congregationalists may appreciate." There are other denominations besides the Congregationalists which could afford to "appreciate" the elements of success in Methodism. The history of Methodism is a history of the shining point of modern Christianity. It is the history of revivals, and their Arminian theology,—which we no more believe in than in squaring the circle—has been relieved and compensated by their thorough reliance on God. God's method of salvation, the method of the soul, will be credited for the salvation of the world.

The Boston Preachers' Meeting, after listening last Monday morning to an admirable address from Rev. Mr. Northrop, Secretary elect of the Japanese Educational Bureau, which was heard with thrilling interest, spent the balance of over a three hours' session in considering the proposed abandonment of the Hanover Street church as a distinct religious organization. It being understood by the meeting that nothing had been consummated, as yet, by the authorities in the matter, the object of those participating in the discussion, which was unusually warm and animated, was to defer action in so important a matter until the churches in the city should have a chance to be represented in some proper manner. The prevailing impression seemed to be in favor of keeping up the organization by all means, if among the possibilities.

The *Christian Era* says:—

"THEOLOGICAL NAMES have changed, for the Rev. Daniel Steele addressed the students of Andover Theological Seminary, December 1, on the Emergence of Success in Methodism, which Congregationalists may appreciate." There are other denominations besides the Congregationalists which could afford to "appreciate" the elements of success in Methodism. The history of Methodism is a history of the shining point of modern Christianity. It is the history of revivals, and their Arminian theology,—which we no more believe in than in squaring the circle—has been relieved and compensated by their thorough reliance on God. God's method of salvation, the method of the soul, will be credited for the salvation of the world.

The Family.

DESPISE NOT THOU THE DAY OF SMALL THINGS.

BY ALBINA L. BEAN.

We often learn,
From humblest things and low,
Our richest lessons; often come to know,
And reach our truest heights through simplest ways.

Our dreariest days
Have by one single word been filled with light;
Our thought has pierced the night,
Like Jacob's stairway, linking earth with heaven.

Our sweetest songs are found
Nearest the ground,—
Since only thus humility can rule;
For in the Lord Christ's school,
A little child He sets before us all;

Such will we find
From all our high estate of pride or place—
A little child shall lead us to His face.

This tiny flower, a breath may bend or break;
Whose perfumed cup holds but one drop of dew,

Telleth, for Christ's dear sake,
The whole day through,

Its one sweet little lesson, clear and true,
"For see," it says, "If he so clotheth me,

What will He do for thee?

If out of the dark sod He lifts me up,
If so fashioneth my fragile cup,

As yet no mortal hand hath ever wrought—

If thus He paints His thought

Throughout my tender leaves so perfectly,

What will He do for thee?

For thee, O thou of little faith?"

Ah, yes! through simplest ways God reaches us—

How blind we are, though God so teacheth us!

Through the still valley, hid and low,
Our God would lead us, yet we say, "Not so!

The way too humble lies,

We would mount to the skies!"

But they who deepest sink shall highest rise!

"Wash ye each others' feet."

Solemn and sweet,

Still do the Master's words point out the way;

No low a service, yet so glorified

By Him who died!

Ah, let humility, that "low, sweet root,"

Bear in all its heavenly fruit—

So shall our hearts discern,

And gladly learn

From humblest things and low,

The sweetest lessons as we upward go.

CHELSEA, Mass.

THE COUSIN GERANIUM.

BY SUSAN NELSON.

"Uncle," said Katie, "will you carry this posy to my cousin Jane?" And the little girl appeared in the doorway with tiny flower-pot in her hand, wherein was growing a small, but thrifty silver-leaved geranium.

"Why Katie, my lassie, to think of taking that frail thing way across the seas to America. It would never get there alive!" Katie looked disappointed, and great drops just ready to fall stood in her blue eyes.

Her uncle saw this, and said quickly, "Well, well, don't cry, I'll take it, and try very hard that Jane gets it safe and hearty."

He took it in his great hand, and kissed his little niece, who wiped the tears with a corner of her apron, and watched her father and Uncle James as they walked down the lane.

Katie was a gardener's daughter, and lived in England. Uncle James, himself a gardener, was on a visit to his brother, and had come far away from a beautiful city, on the other side of the water, where he took care of a fine green-house for a rich lady. Jane, his daughter, was the same age as Katie, and the two cousins had never seen each other; but Katie wanted to send her a present, the little flower, which was the best she had to give.

All the voyage over the ocean, Uncle James watered and cared for the pretty plant. Sometimes when he thought it too much trouble, Katie's tearful eyes would come up before him, and he forgot all the care in thinking of her, and of Jane's bright looks when she should receive her cousin's token of love.

The geranium seemed to know what was expected of it, and grew and flourished, and spread out its green leaves fringed with white, for all the passengers in the great ship to admire. It was summer, and many families were leaving their native land, to find new homes in our pleasant and prosperous country. And so it was, that Katie's geranium had a great deal of notice, for it was the only thing green and lovely to be seen in the dismal cabin. Neither the little girl nor her uncle had dreamed what a joy and comfort it would be to the many seasick and homesick passengers.

The trip was smooth and quick, and the little green slip and its fellow voyagers, at length arrived safely in New York. If she had stood on the wharf, as the large steamer landed its scores of men, women, and children, you would have seen a tall man with valise in one hand, and a flower-pot in the other, hurrying to the Stonington steamer. For he would lose no time in hastening back to see his wife, Jane, and the green-house, which latter was much needed his care.

Jane joyfully received her father, and was delighted with the silver-leaved stranger, which he had brought as a present from her dear cousin over the great ocean, and always called it the cousin geranium. The little plant which in its young days had been so great a traveler, now found a peaceful home in the kitchen of the gardener's cottage. The tea-kettle hummed its one simple tune to keep it company, the flies buzzed about with their usual bustle, and the busy mamma was here and there, with hardly a moment to spare to the pretty guest, for there was another new comer in the cradle, Jane's baby brother, Tommy, as good-natured and plump a little fellow as you would wish to see.

Jane too was busy, going to school, and helping her mother when school was done. But every morning and night she would stand and watch the cousin geranium, to see if there were any new leaves or signs of budding. At school she sometimes forgot her book, to wonder how Katie looked; and then she would get her map and find England, and the wide ocean which lay between her cousin's home and America; and forgetting that even a bird would tire with such a long flight, she wished she was a blue-bird, so that she could fly across and alight on the doorstep, where, as her father had told her, he left Katie wiping her eyes with her apron.

Last week Posie's mamma called me to go to ride, and said she was going to Posie's little grave to plant some flowers there, and I told father I wanted the largest and best slip of my cousin geranium. And we went, Posie's mamma and I, in a great carriage; and though the lady cried very much at first, she seemed comforted, for she smiled when, as we standing there after we had set out the plants very nicely, a humming-bird came merrily along singing its cheery song, and sipped from the bright blossoms which now bloomed at the head of Posie's little grave.

Good bye, dear Katie; some morning I hope to wake up and find you in America.

Your loving cousin JANEY.

Janey's wish came to pass, for before another Christmas Katie's father moved his family across the ocean, to take an excellent situation in the same city. And now Janey has her cousin, as well as her cousin geranium.

TO BABY.

BY IZORA C. S. CHANDLER.

Baby, thy violet eyes
Mirrored a sweet surprise,
When love's dear kiss waked their first life's hours;
When from the unknown sea,
Glad parents welcomed thee,
As the birds welcome the coming of flowers.
Green paths await thy feet,
Long be thy life, and sweet;
How blest thy coming its mission shall prove;
God sent thy little bark,
O'er the wild waves and dark,
Into a life whose sweet living is love.

THE TRIUMPH OF THE GOSPEL.

There are no sinning Christians; there are no wicked Christians; there are no guilty Christians; there are no condemned Christians; sinning and wickedness and guilt and condemnation do not pertain to Christians, but to sinners. When a Christian falls under them, he loses his salvation, and must go to God, by repentance and faith, to be saved again. We do well to go to John Wesley on this point to be instructed in the Bible doctrine of salvation. Let me quote his language on this same text:—

"He that is by faith born of God sinnot not, —"

"First, by any habitual sin: for all habitual sin is sin reigning; but sin cannot reign in any that believeth."

"Nor, second, by any wilful sin; for his will, while he abideth in the faith, is utterly set against all sin, and abhorreth it as deadly poison."

"Nor, third, by any sinful desire: for he continually desireth the holy and perfect will of God; and any tendency to an unholy desire by him, by the grace of God, stiftheth in the birth."

"Nor, fourth, doth he sin by infirmities, whether in act, word, or thought, for his infirmities have no concurrence of his will, and without this they are not properly sins. Thus, 'He that is born of God doth not commit sin; and though he cannot say he hath not sinned, yet now he sinnot not.'"

And how exactly does Wesley agree with St. John: "Whosoever abideth in Him sinnot not." "Whosoever is born of God doth not commit sin. He that committeth sin is of the devil."

And how exactly does St. John harmonize with St. Paul: "Shall we sin because we are not under the law, but under grace? God forbid. Know ye not that to whom ye yield yourselves servants to obey, his servants ye are to whom ye obey, whether of sin unto death, or of obedience unto righteousness? How shall we, that are to you a present, the little flower, which was the best she had to give.

A green tree, which seemed as if it grew right up out of the carpet, was in the middle, all lighted with ever so many little candles, and so bright with stars and spangles that at first I could hardly see. On the very top was some how fastened, the prettiest doll, which was so much like little Posie herself. After a little while Mrs. Lane, said, "Join hands;" so we made a ring around the tree, Posie between her cousin Josie and me; though I am such a big girl, she would have it so. Mrs. Lane struck up one of our Sunday school songs,—

"Merry, merry Christmas everywhere," and Posie's sweet voice joined with her mamma's, and then we all sung, and so went slowly about the tree singing all the time.

Just as we stopped, a queer looking person came into the room; they called him Santa Claus, and he stooped down and kissed Posie, and whispered to her, and though she was afraid at first, she soon laughed, and let him take her in his arms. Then he held her up high over his funny head, for her to take the splendid dolly off from the top of the tree.

But O, I must get another sheet of paper; I am writing such a long letter I am afraid you want to read it; but do, for I must tell you the rest. After Posie got the pretty dolly, lovely presents were given to all the company, and I had a book about Gertrude, and a pink needle, besides oranges, candy, and pop corn, and a sugar dog for my little brother. Santa Claus almost forgot my poor wee present, but at last he took up the flower, and read on the card, "Posie," and the sweet little creature, with her arms full of her new baby and lots of other things, stretched out her hand for it, and was so pleased.

"O, mamma," she said, "I've got a real live deranian."

And we had a beautiful time at the Christmas tree, and I think Santa Claus must have been Posie's papa—for I didn't see him there, unless that was he, so strangely dressed up with a mask.

I have been in to see Posie since, and we played together with her Christmas doll, and she was so fond of her little silver-leaved plant. Her mamma said she would take it up stairs and set it by her crib when she went to bed. And I can't bear to tell you what I must, for dear, sweet Posie cannot see her dolls and playthings and flowers any more, though mother says, that now she plays in the heavenly gardens, and walks the golden streets. One day she was taken very sick, and I never saw

her again till I went to see her, as she lay in the same room where the tree was—cold and white and still, dressed in the same muslin dress and blue ribbons with the sweetest rosebuds and flowers all about her, and wreaths of tube roses, and japonicas, with a border of the silver-fringed leaves from my cousin geranium.

When you become weary keeping a standing army to watch conquered foes, ever waiting a propitious time to revolt, and make your appeal to the mighty God, he proposes to make a finishing work of it, not only to confound all the possessions of unholiness and sins and principles, but to banish these conquered foes from the kingdom, leaving not a rebel foot to press the soil of a sanctified heart, or to wag the tongue against the complete reign of Christ within. God's plan of reconstructing the heart is to clear the realm of every rebellious element, — to sweep from the territory every relic of revolt, and give the entire domain to loyalty and to love, so that the whole heart shall pulsate in exact unison with the heart of God, and the whole being shall do homage to the banner of the cross; so that there shall not be left an unholiness to reach after forbidden objects, nor any unholiness to break from transgression, nor an unholiness to resist God; but the whole being shall say, "Thy will be done."

For this purpose was the Son of God manifested, that he might destroy the works of the devil."

God proposes not merely to shake off the bad fruit from the corrupt and evil tree, but to cut down and exterminate the upas, root and branch. This we call entire sanctification. — REV. S. C. WELLS, in *Advocate of Holiness*.

Why is coal the most contradictory article known to commerce? Because, when purchased, instead of going to the buyer it goes to the cellar.

A preacher, one slippery morning, was going home with one of his elderly members, the old gentleman slipped and fell. When the minister saw that he was not hurt, he said: "My friend, sinners stand on slippery places."

"Yes," replied the old man, looking at the preacher, "I see they do, but I can't."

An editor asks his subscribers to pay him, that he may play the same joke on his debtors.

Somebody says a wife should be like a roasted lamb—tender, and nicely dressed. A scamp adds: "And without any sauce."

"What's that?" said a teacher, pointing to the letter X, to a little ragged urchin. "Daddy's name?" "No, my boy." "Yes, it is; I've seen him write it a good many times."

"I wonder whether those clouds are going," said a poet to a magazine editor, pensively, as she pointed with her delicate finger to the heavy masses that floated in the sky outside the editor's window. "I think they are going to thunder," was a reply.

"An old Scotch lady had an evening party, where a young man was present who was about to leave for an appointment in China. As he was exceedingly extravagant about himself in his conversation, the old lady said when he was leaving: "Take good care o' yourself when you are away; they eat puppies in China."

HOW TO LIVE.

So should we live that even the hour
Should be a day, die a day, and never—
A self-reviving thing of power.

That every thought and every deed
May hold within itself the seed
Of future good and future need.

Esteeming sorrow — whose employ
Is to develop, not destroy;

Far better than a barren joy.

CHRIST IN THE FAMILY.

My impression is that if Christ were to come into my household, his coming would not be like the coming of religion into a household. Religion is the stiffest thing in the world. Religion comes in and says, "Look here! keep Sunday." It cuts the child, and says, "You must do so and so." It says, "My yoke," he says, "is easy, and my burden is light." Religion is like a monarch who makes laws, not caring whether his subjects can obey them or not, and puts burdens on their shoulders, not caring whether they can bear them or not; but Jesus comes with a spirit of tenderness, and kindness, and consideration. Such was the impression produced by him if he were to come into my home.

When a Christian falls under him, he loses his salvation, and must walk in it.

Religion is a martinet, and stands commanding this or that. It is stern and imperative, and sits muttering decrees which are not to be disobeyed. But Jesus comes in as a spirit of love and peace.

What is there no duty, then? Yes; but love is the best teacher of duty; and Jesus comes in to make it easy.

"My yoke," he says, "is easy, and my burden is light." Religion is like a monarch who makes laws, not caring whether his subjects can obey them or not, and puts burdens on their shoulders, not caring whether they can bear them or not; but Jesus comes with a spirit of tenderness, and kindness, and consideration. Such was the impression produced by him if he were to come into my home.

When a Christian falls under him, he loses his salvation, and must walk in it.

Religion is a martinet, and stands commanding this or that. It is stern and imperative, and sits muttering decrees which are not to be disobeyed. But Jesus comes in as a spirit of love and peace.

It is the secret of true religion (for I have been speaking of religion as it exists in its worldly forms), it is the secret of that religion which is the real genuine inspiration of God, that it is one which sets at liberty. It unlooses bonds. It does not tie up. There is a lower and primitive form of religion which constrains; but religion in its higher development gives freedom to the better feelings and relishes of the soul, so that that becomes voluntary which is best. And Jesus comes with a spirit of tenderness, and kindness, and consideration. Such was the impression produced by him if he were to come into my home.

It is the secret of true religion (for I have been speaking of religion as it exists in its worldly forms), it is the secret of that religion which is the real genuine inspiration of God, that it is one which sets at liberty. It unlooses bonds. It does not tie up. There is a lower and primitive form of religion which constrains; but religion in its higher development gives freedom to the better feelings and relishes of the soul, so that that becomes voluntary which is best. And Jesus comes with a spirit of tenderness, and kindness, and consideration. Such was the impression produced by him if he were to come into my home.

It is the secret of true religion (for I have been speaking of religion as it exists in its worldly forms), it is the secret of that religion which is the real genuine inspiration of God, that it is one which sets at liberty. It unlooses bonds. It does not tie up. There is a lower and primitive form of religion which constrains; but religion in its higher development gives freedom to the better feelings and relishes of the soul, so that that becomes voluntary which is best. And Jesus comes with a spirit of tenderness, and kindness, and consideration. Such was the impression produced by him if he were to come into my home.

It is the secret of true religion (for I have been speaking of religion as it exists in its worldly forms), it is the secret of that religion which is the real genuine inspiration of God, that it is one which sets at liberty. It unlooses bonds. It does not tie up. There is a lower and primitive form of religion which constrains; but religion in its higher development gives freedom to the better feelings and relishes of the soul, so that that becomes voluntary which is best. And Jesus comes with a spirit of tenderness, and kindness, and consideration. Such was the impression produced by him if he were to come into my home.

It is the secret of true religion (for I have been speaking of religion as it exists in its worldly forms), it is the secret of that religion which is the real genuine inspiration of God, that it is one which sets at liberty. It unlooses bonds. It does not tie up. There is a lower and primitive form of

Obituaries.

Mrs. MARY C. DEXTER, wife of Nathaniel Dexter, died in East Boston, April 13, 1872, in peace in the Lord.

She was born in Harpswell, Me., April 13, 1801, and was converted at the age of 16 years, under the labors of the Rev. Elder Lamb, and joined the Free Will Baptists. In 1819, on the 26th of November, she was married, and removed to Winthrop, and united with the Methodist Episcopal Church, of which she remained a worthy and faithful member till her removal to Boston, with her husband and family, in 1845.

Mother Dexter was quiet, retiring, and unassuming in her ways, devoted to her family, and loved the Lord. Her sickness was painful, but her end was peace. When mind and memory receded and staggered, under the influence of her illness, she would rally at the name of Jesus, with the assurance of a good

W. C. H.

The Methodist Church in Marblehead has been unusually free from removals by death, during the current Conference year; but two of its most aged members have "entered into rest."

Mother NANCY THAYER died May 12, 1872, aged 92 years and 13 days.

Her long life had been beclouded by family bereavements—her husband, children, and friends having been, one after another, taken from her; but her widowhood of many years had been quietly, lovingly spent, for the most part, in the tenderest care and home circle of surviving children. Her early religious culture had been in the Universal fold; but her personal choice had led her to a union with the Methodist Church, where for many years she lived a consistent, quiet, but faithful member.

By nature self-distrustful and self-deprecating, she nevertheless gained frequent triumphs by faith, and died in sweetest peace, at high noon, on a beautiful Sabbath of May.

Mother MARY BOWLER died Sept. 1, 1872, aged 92 years, 1 month, and 11 days.

Mother Bowler was an uncommon woman, with a religious experience and a Methodist Church membership running back scores of years—being personally present at quite a number of the services in the last century, when Jesus Lee organized the Methodist Church in Marblehead, and retaining several souvenirs of those elder days. She retained marvelously, in a most tenacious memory, the incidents (even to the minutiae) of social, family, and church events for more than eighty years. She was possessed of calm, but beautiful and even vital faith in a living Christ. Her delights were in frequent and graphic descriptions of the earlier, and even more recent history of Methodism in her own church and vicinity for eighty years and more, and in looking trustfully to the land of Beulah beyond.

Retaining all her faculties, saving physical strength, in a wonderful degree, she was able to care for and tenderly nurse her lifelong companion, who, by reason of total blindness, increasing deafness, and physical debility, was dependent largely on her watchfulness, and now survives her, at nearly 88 years of age.

JACOB ROBINSON died in Cushing, Nov. 16, aged 76 years.

Father Robinson lived and died within a few rods from where he was born. Born the second time into spiritual life thirty-nine years ago, connecting himself with the Baptist Church, he ever showed that his religion was love. His house and well-spread and fully supplied board was always free to the lovers of Jesus, and especially to the ministers of His grace. There seemed no mistake but that he was fully ripe for the heavenly garb, as the last closing days of his earthly pilgrimage did fully testify. He often said to the writer, in visits to his bedside, "My work is done; I long to depart and be with Christ, which is far better." And so he is gone to enjoy the glory of Christ which He had with the Father.

AMOS CUMMINGS died at his residence in Poland, Me., June 18, 1872, aged 71 years.

Our dear father was converted, and joined the Methodist Episcopal Church under the faithful labors of Rev. Benjamin Burnham, of the Maine Conference, and for about forty years manifested the sincerity and genuineness of his conversion by a well-ordered life and godly conversation. During much of this time he was called to serve the Church in the capacity of class-leader, steward, and trustee. It was ever his delight to provide entertainment for the ministers of Christ, and all who knew him were sure of a hearty welcome at his house. He cherished an ardent love, and manifested an earnest zeal for the prosperity of the Church of his choice. Affectionate as a father, faithful to the interests of the Church as a dutiful son and servant, he could but hope for triumph in the dying hour; and the blessed Master did not disappoint him.

During his last sickness he was bountifully supplied; and in his last moments, while his children were singing his favorite hymns, his joy was inexpressible. "Why," he said, "I feel just as the sainted Cookman felt; truly, 'I'm sweeping through the gates, washed in the blood of the Lamb.' Yes, washed; there is not a stain left on my soul." He said to the writer but a few hours before his final triumph, "If I could have the whole world, and be certain of perfect health to enjoy it all, and then be sure of heaven, I would sooner lie here and enjoy this hour, and go to my heavenly home." At another time he said, "Only, be sure you preach Jesus, and Him only. Hide behind His cross. Let not so much of you be seen as your little finger. Keep low in the valley of blessing, and your labors will surely be blessed." To another son, who was obliged to return to his home, he said, "You will go to your home in a chariot drawn by steam, but I shall soonest arrive at my home in a chariot of fire." To see so complete a triumph, one could, but say, "It pays to live for God." We could truly say, in the language of another, —

"The chamber where the good man meets his fate Is privileged beyond the common walk Of virtuous life, quite on the verge of heaven."

At his request his favorite hymn, —

"Fade, fade each earthly joy,
Jesus is mine."

was sung during the burial-service at the grave by his own children, one of whom has already joined our dear father above.

Thus lived and passed away our dear, kind father, leaving a numerous family of children, and an aged, infirm companion, who is only waiting for the Boatman. And we mourn yet not as those without hope, for we shall meet in the glory-world by-and-by.

M. B. CUMMINGS.
Guide to Holiness please copy.

FRANK M. CUMMINGS, son of the above, died at Mechanic Falls, Me., Dec. 19, 1872, aged 29 years.

The subject of this sketch was happily converted to God, when in his 13th year, under the labors of Rev. D. B. Holt, formerly of the Maine Conference; but after some years of rich enjoyment in the religious life, he, like too many others, suffered his light to burn but dimly. But a few months previous to his death he renewed his covenant vows, and was accepted and fully restored to his former joyful experience. Our dear brother was a good man; kind, sympathetic, genial, possessing many friends, and no enemies. He bitterly regretted his unfaithfulness in laying down his cross, though he did not give up his practice of secret prayer. His last sickness was attended with much severe pain, and yet the dear Saviour enabled him to bear all patiently. Frequently, when left alone by his attendants in order that he might obtain rest in sleep, he would say, "I could not sleep, I am so very happy." His wife would sometimes hear him speaking, and on asking what he said, "I said, 'Glory to God,'" was the reply. Just before he passed away he saw a wonderful vision—a glimpse of heaven and departed friends. "O," said he, "if any one could but see the splendors of heaven, they would not wish to live here." This grace enabled him to triumph over the last foe, and come down with unfaltering trust to the chilly stream, and joyfully pass over to be forever with the Lord. His rich voice, rarely excelled on earth, now swells the anthems of praise to God on high. M. B. CUMMINGS.

Died, in Bucksport, Oct. 25, 1872, MARY GEHRER, aged 79 years.

Another mother in Israel has finished her work in the Church triumphant. Sister Gerry gave all to Christ, and died in sweetest peace, at high noon, on a beautiful Sabbath of May.

Mother MARY BOWLER died Sept. 1, 1872, aged 92 years, 1 month, and 11 days.

Mother Bowler was an uncommon woman, with a religious experience and a Methodist Church membership running back scores of years—being personally present at quite a number of the services in the last century, when Jesus Lee organized the Methodist Church in Marblehead, and retaining several souvenirs of those elder days. She retained marvelously, in a most tenacious memory, the incidents (even to the minutiae) of social, family, and church events for more than eighty years. She was possessed of calm, but beautiful and even vital faith in a living Christ. Her delights were in frequent and graphic descriptions of the earlier, and even more recent history of Methodism in her own church and vicinity for eighty years and more, and in looking trustfully to the land of Beulah beyond.

Another mother in Israel has finished her work in the Church triumphant, and died with the Church triumphant. Sister Gerry gave all to Christ, and died in sweetest peace, at high noon, on a beautiful Sabbath of May.

Mother MARY BOWLER died Sept. 1, 1872, aged 92 years, 1 month, and 11 days.

Mother Bowler was an uncommon woman, with a religious experience and a Methodist Church membership running back scores of years—being personally present at quite a number of the services in the last century, when Jesus Lee organized the Methodist Church in Marblehead, and retaining several souvenirs of those elder days. She retained marvelously, in a most tenacious memory, the incidents (even to the minutiae) of social, family, and church events for more than eighty years. She was possessed of calm, but beautiful and even vital faith in a living Christ. Her delights were in frequent and graphic descriptions of the earlier, and even more recent history of Methodism in her own church and vicinity for eighty years and more, and in looking trustfully to the land of Beulah beyond.

Mother Bowler was an uncommon woman, with a religious experience and a Methodist Church membership running back scores of years—being personally present at quite a number of the services in the last century, when Jesus Lee organized the Methodist Church in Marblehead, and retaining several souvenirs of those elder days. She retained marvelously, in a most tenacious memory, the incidents (even to the minutiae) of social, family, and church events for more than eighty years. She was possessed of calm, but beautiful and even vital faith in a living Christ. Her delights were in frequent and graphic descriptions of the earlier, and even more recent history of Methodism in her own church and vicinity for eighty years and more, and in looking trustfully to the land of Beulah beyond.

Mother Bowler was an uncommon woman, with a religious experience and a Methodist Church membership running back scores of years—being personally present at quite a number of the services in the last century, when Jesus Lee organized the Methodist Church in Marblehead, and retaining several souvenirs of those elder days. She retained marvelously, in a most tenacious memory, the incidents (even to the minutiae) of social, family, and church events for more than eighty years. She was possessed of calm, but beautiful and even vital faith in a living Christ. Her delights were in frequent and graphic descriptions of the earlier, and even more recent history of Methodism in her own church and vicinity for eighty years and more, and in looking trustfully to the land of Beulah beyond.

Mother Bowler was an uncommon woman, with a religious experience and a Methodist Church membership running back scores of years—being personally present at quite a number of the services in the last century, when Jesus Lee organized the Methodist Church in Marblehead, and retaining several souvenirs of those elder days. She retained marvelously, in a most tenacious memory, the incidents (even to the minutiae) of social, family, and church events for more than eighty years. She was possessed of calm, but beautiful and even vital faith in a living Christ. Her delights were in frequent and graphic descriptions of the earlier, and even more recent history of Methodism in her own church and vicinity for eighty years and more, and in looking trustfully to the land of Beulah beyond.

Mother Bowler was an uncommon woman, with a religious experience and a Methodist Church membership running back scores of years—being personally present at quite a number of the services in the last century, when Jesus Lee organized the Methodist Church in Marblehead, and retaining several souvenirs of those elder days. She retained marvelously, in a most tenacious memory, the incidents (even to the minutiae) of social, family, and church events for more than eighty years. She was possessed of calm, but beautiful and even vital faith in a living Christ. Her delights were in frequent and graphic descriptions of the earlier, and even more recent history of Methodism in her own church and vicinity for eighty years and more, and in looking trustfully to the land of Beulah beyond.

Mother Bowler was an uncommon woman, with a religious experience and a Methodist Church membership running back scores of years—being personally present at quite a number of the services in the last century, when Jesus Lee organized the Methodist Church in Marblehead, and retaining several souvenirs of those elder days. She retained marvelously, in a most tenacious memory, the incidents (even to the minutiae) of social, family, and church events for more than eighty years. She was possessed of calm, but beautiful and even vital faith in a living Christ. Her delights were in frequent and graphic descriptions of the earlier, and even more recent history of Methodism in her own church and vicinity for eighty years and more, and in looking trustfully to the land of Beulah beyond.

Mother Bowler was an uncommon woman, with a religious experience and a Methodist Church membership running back scores of years—being personally present at quite a number of the services in the last century, when Jesus Lee organized the Methodist Church in Marblehead, and retaining several souvenirs of those elder days. She retained marvelously, in a most tenacious memory, the incidents (even to the minutiae) of social, family, and church events for more than eighty years. She was possessed of calm, but beautiful and even vital faith in a living Christ. Her delights were in frequent and graphic descriptions of the earlier, and even more recent history of Methodism in her own church and vicinity for eighty years and more, and in looking trustfully to the land of Beulah beyond.

Mother Bowler was an uncommon woman, with a religious experience and a Methodist Church membership running back scores of years—being personally present at quite a number of the services in the last century, when Jesus Lee organized the Methodist Church in Marblehead, and retaining several souvenirs of those elder days. She retained marvelously, in a most tenacious memory, the incidents (even to the minutiae) of social, family, and church events for more than eighty years. She was possessed of calm, but beautiful and even vital faith in a living Christ. Her delights were in frequent and graphic descriptions of the earlier, and even more recent history of Methodism in her own church and vicinity for eighty years and more, and in looking trustfully to the land of Beulah beyond.

Mother Bowler was an uncommon woman, with a religious experience and a Methodist Church membership running back scores of years—being personally present at quite a number of the services in the last century, when Jesus Lee organized the Methodist Church in Marblehead, and retaining several souvenirs of those elder days. She retained marvelously, in a most tenacious memory, the incidents (even to the minutiae) of social, family, and church events for more than eighty years. She was possessed of calm, but beautiful and even vital faith in a living Christ. Her delights were in frequent and graphic descriptions of the earlier, and even more recent history of Methodism in her own church and vicinity for eighty years and more, and in looking trustfully to the land of Beulah beyond.

Mother Bowler was an uncommon woman, with a religious experience and a Methodist Church membership running back scores of years—being personally present at quite a number of the services in the last century, when Jesus Lee organized the Methodist Church in Marblehead, and retaining several souvenirs of those elder days. She retained marvelously, in a most tenacious memory, the incidents (even to the minutiae) of social, family, and church events for more than eighty years. She was possessed of calm, but beautiful and even vital faith in a living Christ. Her delights were in frequent and graphic descriptions of the earlier, and even more recent history of Methodism in her own church and vicinity for eighty years and more, and in looking trustfully to the land of Beulah beyond.

Mother Bowler was an uncommon woman, with a religious experience and a Methodist Church membership running back scores of years—being personally present at quite a number of the services in the last century, when Jesus Lee organized the Methodist Church in Marblehead, and retaining several souvenirs of those elder days. She retained marvelously, in a most tenacious memory, the incidents (even to the minutiae) of social, family, and church events for more than eighty years. She was possessed of calm, but beautiful and even vital faith in a living Christ. Her delights were in frequent and graphic descriptions of the earlier, and even more recent history of Methodism in her own church and vicinity for eighty years and more, and in looking trustfully to the land of Beulah beyond.

Mother Bowler was an uncommon woman, with a religious experience and a Methodist Church membership running back scores of years—being personally present at quite a number of the services in the last century, when Jesus Lee organized the Methodist Church in Marblehead, and retaining several souvenirs of those elder days. She retained marvelously, in a most tenacious memory, the incidents (even to the minutiae) of social, family, and church events for more than eighty years. She was possessed of calm, but beautiful and even vital faith in a living Christ. Her delights were in frequent and graphic descriptions of the earlier, and even more recent history of Methodism in her own church and vicinity for eighty years and more, and in looking trustfully to the land of Beulah beyond.

Mother Bowler was an uncommon woman, with a religious experience and a Methodist Church membership running back scores of years—being personally present at quite a number of the services in the last century, when Jesus Lee organized the Methodist Church in Marblehead, and retaining several souvenirs of those elder days. She retained marvelously, in a most tenacious memory, the incidents (even to the minutiae) of social, family, and church events for more than eighty years. She was possessed of calm, but beautiful and even vital faith in a living Christ. Her delights were in frequent and graphic descriptions of the earlier, and even more recent history of Methodism in her own church and vicinity for eighty years and more, and in looking trustfully to the land of Beulah beyond.

Mother Bowler was an uncommon woman, with a religious experience and a Methodist Church membership running back scores of years—being personally present at quite a number of the services in the last century, when Jesus Lee organized the Methodist Church in Marblehead, and retaining several souvenirs of those elder days. She retained marvelously, in a most tenacious memory, the incidents (even to the minutiae) of social, family, and church events for more than eighty years. She was possessed of calm, but beautiful and even vital faith in a living Christ. Her delights were in frequent and graphic descriptions of the earlier, and even more recent history of Methodism in her own church and vicinity for eighty years and more, and in looking trustfully to the land of Beulah beyond.

Mother Bowler was an uncommon woman, with a religious experience and a Methodist Church membership running back scores of years—being personally present at quite a number of the services in the last century, when Jesus Lee organized the Methodist Church in Marblehead, and retaining several souvenirs of those elder days. She retained marvelously, in a most tenacious memory, the incidents (even to the minutiae) of social, family, and church events for more than eighty years. She was possessed of calm, but beautiful and even vital faith in a living Christ. Her delights were in frequent and graphic descriptions of the earlier, and even more recent history of Methodism in her own church and vicinity for eighty years and more, and in looking trustfully to the land of Beulah beyond.

Mother Bowler was an uncommon woman, with a religious experience and a Methodist Church membership running back scores of years—being personally present at quite a number of the services in the last century, when Jesus Lee organized the Methodist Church in Marblehead, and retaining several souvenirs of those elder days. She retained marvelously, in a most tenacious memory, the incidents (even to the minutiae) of social, family, and church events for more than eighty years. She was possessed of calm, but beautiful and even vital faith in a living Christ. Her delights were in frequent and graphic descriptions of the earlier, and even more recent history of Methodism in her own church and vicinity for eighty years and more, and in looking trustfully to the land of Beulah beyond.

Mother Bowler was an uncommon woman, with a religious experience and a Methodist Church membership running back scores of years—being personally present at quite a number of the services in the last century, when Jesus Lee organized the Methodist Church in Marblehead, and retaining several souvenirs of those elder days. She retained marvelously, in a most tenacious memory, the incidents (even to the minutiae) of social, family, and church events for more than eighty years. She was possessed of calm, but beautiful and even vital faith in a living Christ. Her delights were in frequent and graphic descriptions of the earlier, and even more recent history of Methodism in her own church and vicinity for eighty years and more, and in looking trustfully to the land of Beulah beyond.

Mother Bowler was an uncommon woman, with a religious experience and a Methodist Church membership running back scores of years—being personally present at quite a number of the services in the last century, when Jesus Lee organized the Methodist Church in Marblehead, and retaining several souvenirs of those elder days. She retained marvelously, in a most tenacious memory, the incidents (even to the minutiae) of social, family, and church events for more than eighty years. She was possessed of calm, but beautiful and even vital faith in a living Christ. Her delights were in frequent and graphic descriptions of the earlier, and even more recent history of Methodism in her own church and vicinity for eighty years and more, and in looking trustfully to the land of Beulah beyond.

Mother Bowler was an uncommon woman, with a religious experience and a Methodist Church membership running back scores of years—being personally present at quite a number of the services in the last century, when Jesus Lee organized the Methodist Church in Marblehead, and retaining several souvenirs of those elder days. She retained marvelously, in a most tenacious memory, the incidents (even to the minutiae) of social, family, and church events for more than eighty years. She was possessed of calm, but beautiful and even vital faith in a living Christ. Her delights were in frequent and graphic descriptions of the earlier, and even more recent history of Methodism in her own church and vicinity for eighty years and more, and in looking trustfully to the land of Beulah beyond.

Mother Bowler was an uncommon woman, with a religious experience and a Methodist Church membership running back scores of years—being personally present at quite a number of the services in the last century, when Jesus Lee organized the Methodist Church in Marblehead, and retaining several souvenirs of those elder days. She retained marvelously, in a most tenacious memory, the incidents (even to the minutiae) of social, family, and church events for more than eighty years. She was possessed of calm, but beautiful and even vital faith in a living Christ. Her delights were in frequent and graphic descriptions of the earlier, and even more recent history of Methodism in her own church and vicinity for eighty years and more, and in looking trustfully to the land of Beulah beyond.

Mother Bowler was an uncommon woman, with a religious experience and a Methodist Church membership running back scores of years—being personally present at quite a number of the services in the last century, when Jesus Lee organized the Methodist Church in Marblehead, and retaining several souvenirs of those elder days. She retained marvelously, in a most tenacious memory, the incidents (even to the minutiae) of social, family, and church events for more than eighty years. She was possessed of calm, but beautiful and even vital faith in a living Christ. Her delights were in frequent and graphic descriptions of the earlier, and even more recent history of Methodism in her own church and vicinity for eighty years and more, and in looking trustfully to the land of Beulah beyond.

Mother Bowler was an uncommon woman, with a religious experience and a Methodist Church membership running back scores of years—being personally present at quite a number of the services in the last century, when Jesus Lee organized the Methodist Church in Marblehead, and retaining several souvenirs of those elder days. She retained marvelously, in a most tenacious memory, the incidents (even to the minutiae) of social, family, and church events for more than eighty years. She was possessed of calm, but beautiful and even vital faith in a living Christ. Her delights were in frequent and graphic descriptions of the earlier, and even more recent history of Methodism in her own church and vicinity for eighty years and more, and in looking trustfully to the land of Beulah beyond.

Mother Bowler was an uncommon woman, with a religious experience and a Methodist Church membership running back scores of years—being personally present at quite a number of the services in the last century, when Jesus Lee organized the Methodist Church in Marblehead, and retaining several souvenirs of those elder days. She retained marvelously, in a most tenacious memory, the incidents (even to the minutiae) of social, family, and church events for more than eighty years. She was possessed of calm, but beautiful and even vital faith in a living Christ. Her delights were in frequent and graphic descriptions of the earlier, and even more recent history of Methodism in her own church and vicinity for eighty years and more, and in looking trustfully to the land of Beulah beyond.

Mother Bowler was an uncommon woman, with a religious experience and a Methodist Church membership running back scores of years—being personally present at quite a number of the services in the last century, when Jesus Lee organized the Methodist Church in Marblehead, and retaining several souvenirs of those elder days. She retained marvelously, in a most tenacious memory, the incidents (even to the minutiae) of social, family, and church events for more than eighty years. She was possessed of calm, but beautiful and even vital faith in a living Christ. Her delights were in frequent and graphic descriptions of the earlier, and even more recent history of Method

